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No. 611.—VOL. XLVII.

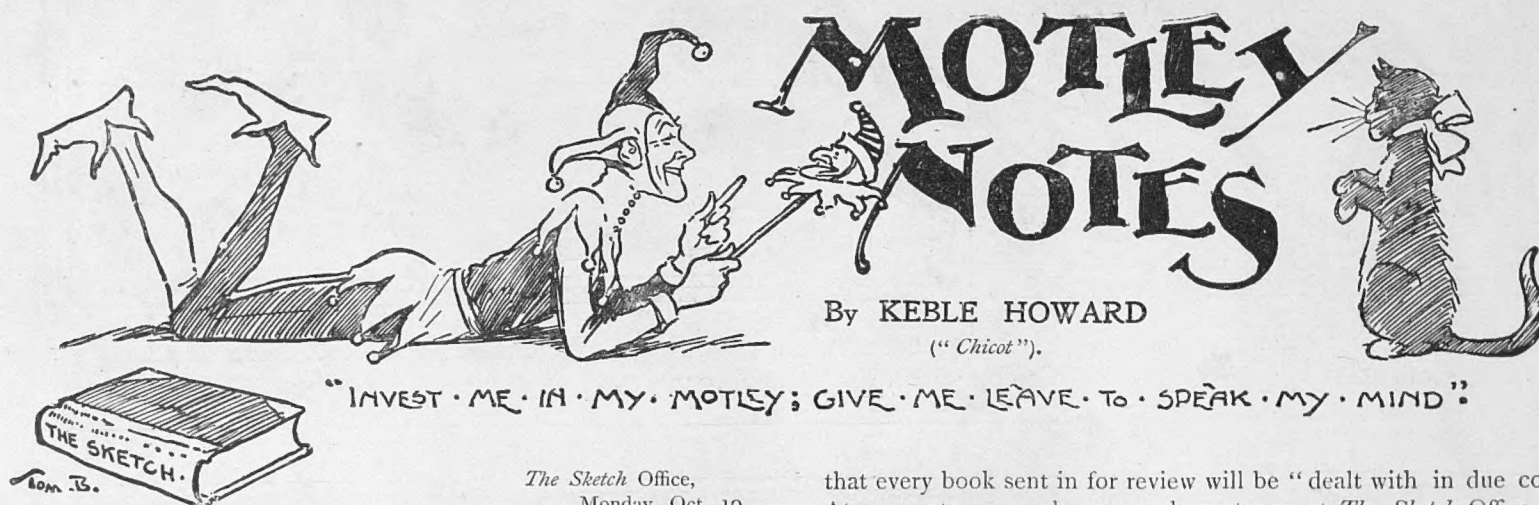
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, PRIME MINISTER.

Supplied exclusively to "The Sketch" by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.



IS there such a publication, I wonder, as the *Westminster Parish Magazine*? I fear not. If there were, however, one might expect to see in the November issue some such paragraph as the following—

THEATRICAL TREAT.—The autumn theatrical treat was held on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 6, at the Imperial Theatre. A goodly gathering of playgoers assembled at the theatre between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. The proceedings commenced with a short selection of music played by the orchestra, after which a number of games and romps were indulged in on the adjoining stage. The revels were kindly and assiduously organised by Mr. Lewis Waller, our indefatigable elocution-teacher, who also deserves the highest praise for the unflagging manner in which he took the chief part in the appropriate and interesting proceedings. The pleasure of those present was considerably enhanced by the distribution, at intervals throughout the evening, of sweetmeats. These were handed across the footlights in the most generous and exemplary manner by Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard, who was looking very well after her prolonged absence from among us. A very enjoyable evening was brought to a close by hearty cheers for Mr. Waller and all those who had contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion.

It is high time that somebody took up the cudgels on behalf of Mr. Alfred Austin. Surely this England of ours must be coming to a pretty pass when her Poet Laureate cannot publish a poem, be it never so short, without calling down upon his poor, dear head the sneers of certain newspapers and the ridicule of certain men in the street. Even supposing, however, that his poems will not always compare very favourably with those of his predecessor, is there any reason why we should not allow him to write prose? For my own part, I cherish very pleasant recollections of "The Garden that I Love," and other prose works by Mr. Alfred Austin. I prefer them, I confess, to his poems, and I am looking forward to reading his new volume. In the meantime, I find the *Saturday Review* rebuking the Laureate for having performed, with the very best intentions, a simple act of reverence. In this new book, it seems, Mr. Austin explains how that, when he was in Rome, he did something that none of the Romans had bothered to do: he scraped Shelley's grave and planted pansies about it. The men in the street, I fancy, would have been hard put to it to discover any cause for complaint on such a score. The *Saturday Review*, though, is more ingenious. "None but a member of Shelley's own family," says the *Saturday*, "has the moral right to touch the grave or stone. Mr. Austin says that he obtained permission; but the authorities ought not to give it. We view the matter with much distaste. The representatives of this country in Rome should make a strong protest against any interference with the graves of Keats and Shelley." There! Don't you call that unkind? Can't you imagine poor Mr. Alfred Austin ruefully brushing the knees of his trousers and exclaiming, "Well, this is rotten! And I really thought I was doing something rather pretty"?

The library-subscriber is having a bewildering time of it just now. Every day brings its batch of new novels by famous authors, and reminiscences of interesting people. Robert Hichens, S. R. Crockett, W. E. Norris, Max Pemberton, Stanley Weyman, Rider Haggard, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling—all are claiming instant attention, to say nothing of Marie Corelli and some twenty or thirty other ladies of talent. The amazing thing is that, despite the deafening boom of these great guns, the amateur authors continue to snap off their penny pistols and then look round in annoyance because no one appears to have heard them. It is idle for any paper, daily or weekly, to pretend

that every book sent in for review will be "dealt with in due course." At any rate, we make no such pretence at *The Sketch* Office. The only way out of the difficulty that occurs to us at the moment is to put all the "published-on-commission" novels together in a great heap and have them photographed.

A volume of very great interest to authors themselves is "After Work," being "Fragments from the Workshop" of Mr. Edward Marston, the veteran publisher. The book is charmingly written, and Mr. Marston has many very pleasant things to say about the celebrated authors with whom his business brought him in contact. It is amusing to note, by the way, how the instinct of the publisher, even at the age of nine-and-seventy years, still prevails. Under the heading "Dealings with Authors," for example, I find the following statement with regard to the question of paying the author a sum in advance on account of royalties: "The real truth is that the practice of paying authors large or small sums in advance on account of profits which may never come is vicious; it arises out of the gambling competition which is the spirit of the age. The true principle which will be adopted about the time of the Millennium is not to advance any money at all." Mr. Marston is evidently of opinion that the joys of the Millennium will not be shared by mere authors. In that bright era, the authors, appropriately enough, will be huddled together in a pen, whilst the publishers, taking hands, will dance round them in a large, gleeful ring.

Even Mrs. Craigie, I imagine, would not recommend the girl of eighteen to read "Captain Amyas," the new novel by Dolf Wyllarde. Not that the girl of eighteen would derive any particular harm from the book: it is too dull and too impossible for that. Amyas is the Captain of a first-class liner running between England and South Africa. He is a large man with a brown beard, two characteristics that the author insists upon at every opportunity. She is evidently under the impression that few women can resist a brown beard; at any rate, only one woman in the whole book resists Captain Amyas. The volume is composed of half-a-dozen sordid episodes, supposed to be typical of life on board a liner. The owners of the line are perfectly aware of the gallant Captain's evil reputation, but it never occurs to them to dismiss the fellow. Amyas continues to amuse himself with his passengers, therefore, until, on one voyage, he gets into difficulties with a young girl whose father is the skipper of a tramp steamer. By way of revenge, the skipper of the tramp steamer deliberately bangs his boat into the liner of which Amyas is Captain and sinks both the liner and the majority of her passengers. If the girl of eighteen likes "Captain Amyas" she will be very easily pleased—unless, of course, the brown beard is sufficient compensation for bad writing.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, they tell me, is not to have it all his own way. His rival in theatrical flippancies is no less formidable a person than Mr. Pinero. This new amusement of Mr. Pinero's is a little bewildering, especially to those playgoers who know him only as the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," and "Letty." For all that, Mr. Pinero wrote "The Magistrate," "The School-mistress," "Dandy Dick," and other brilliant farces. One can appreciate, therefore, his chagrin at the comparative failure of "Iris" and the enormous success of "The Admirable Crichton." Hence, doubtless, the title of his new play, "A Wife Without a Smile." Hence the sub-title, "A Comedy in Disguise." Hence the paragraph issued by the management to the effect that: "As it is quite uncertain at what point, if at any, the interest of this piece commences, the audience is respectfully requested to be seated at the rise of the curtain." Pure Barrie, you will note, and cynical Pinero.

MELODRAMA AT THE IMPERIAL:

MR. LEWIS WALLER AND COMPANY IN "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT."

(SEE "THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.")



THE REAL MOHUN: FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD SACKVILLE.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS MOHUN ("HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT"): DRAWN FROM LIFE BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE LATE JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

PLAYGOERS the world over regret the death of Mr. John Hollingshead, who passed away on Monday last. Starting life in a City office, he afterwards joined the staff of *Household Words* under Charles Dickens, and contributed to such diversified periodicals as the *Cornhill*, *Good Words*, and the *Daily News*. Later on he became connected with various theatres as founder, lessee, or director, and it may be said that he made his name by his long and successful managership of the Gaiety, which he founded in 1868. Of late years he had returned to the paths of journalism, and at times he contributed various interesting reminiscences to the columns of *The Sketch*. Only last month Mr. Hollingshead completed his seventy-seventh year, and until a few days back, when he was attacked by the illness that proved fatal, he was busy with his journalistic engagements and took a keen interest in current events.

THE CLUBMAN.

*On the Way to Cognac—
In the Vineyards.*

THROUGH the night I had travelled by the railway which runs from Paris to the west and serves Brittany and all the western coast down to Bordeaux, and when I woke at Taillebourg and looked out of the window I found that, having left Paris and London in their autumnal coats, I had found summer again by running south. The woods around the town and castle, which stand high upon a great rock, are hardly touched yet by the gold of the waning year, and the sun which rose above a curving wave of mist was a sun which gave real heat.

A change from the train on the main line to one on a little off-shoot, a branch line on which the porters and engineers have plenty of leisure to shake hands and exchange the news of the day, and then I sped through vineyards towards Cognac, which is a town half-way to Angoulême on the cross-country line which unites two big railroads. On one side of the line a vineyard blazed with all the colours of a sea-washed agate, and I became enthusiastic over the transparent yellow and blood-red of the leaves, only to find from the guide, philosopher, and friend who had met me at the junction that my enthusiasm, except from an artistic point of view, was misplaced, that the yellow leaves showed that the plants were weakly, and that the crimson foliage had been burnt by the sun.

To be told, as the train ran through a country of hills and dales, picturesque and well wooded, with great patches of vineyards on the upper slopes, that we were passing from the Petite Champagne into the Grande Champagne sounded like that pleasant progression of liqueur-brandies which a generous host sometimes gives one after dinner, and, asking how it was that this part of the Charente country came to be called "Champagne," I was informed that the wine-growers, finding that the light soil was very much like that in the neighbourhood of Rheims, called their country after the celebrated stretch of hills whence the bubbling wine comes.

Eager for more knowledge, I asked what was the difference in position of the brandy districts, which, now that I was in the midst

of them, became suddenly more than names, and was shown by a sketch-map roughly drawn on an envelope that the Grande Champagne lies in a little half-circle south of Cognac; that the Petite Champagne, belying its name, is a bigger half-hoop round the Grande Champagne; that the Borderies, or hill district, are in a triangle north of Cognac; and that the good Bois and the ordinary Bois lie in circles round the two half-hoops and the triangle. I also learned that no man in Cognac ever owned that his vineyard lay outside the circle of good Bois; and when I remarked that nothing except the Grande Champagne ever came to London as a liqueur, my host and guide smiled.

Cognac is not a prepossessing town at first sight, and, indeed, some seeking is required to find its beauties. An old, grey church-tower with an umbrella-like shelter at the top dominates a town of broad, brown roofs chequered with black. These black roofs mark

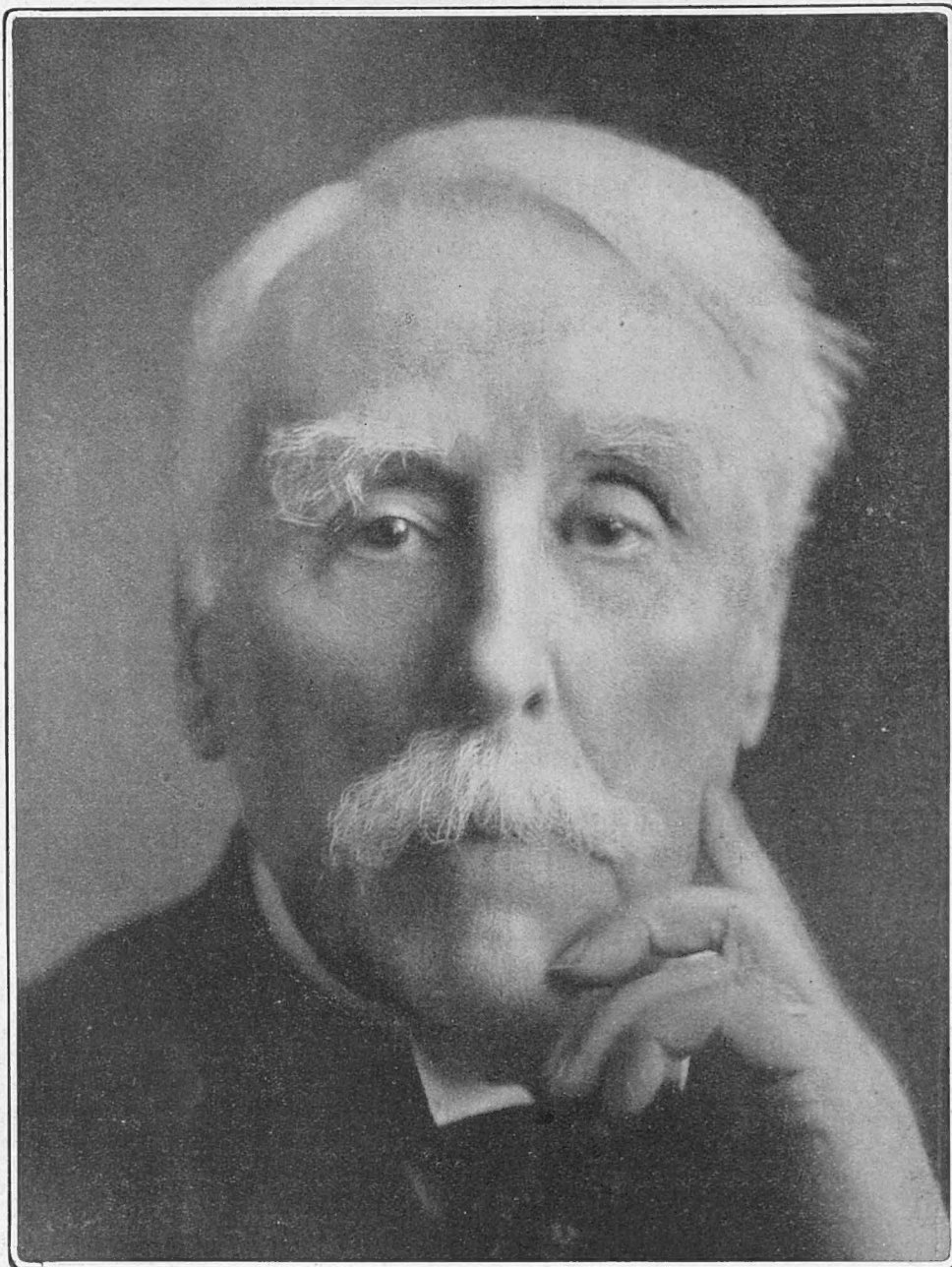
the position of the brandy-stores, but a light-hearted remark on my part that I hoped the spirit did not have the same effect on men as it had on tiles was not exactly a success. If the general effect of the town is not striking, some of the little streets we passed through on our way out to my host's house in a valley amidst the hilly country to the north are as picturesque as those of any Italian hill-town. They climb the slopes with charming irregularity; the houses are of grey stone or plastered with some light colour, the broad tiled roofs are of every shade of brown and red and yellow, the shutters of the windows are of many colours, and a vine climbs the wall of each house, spreading out under the eaves into a leafy canopy. A pomegranate with ripe fruit trained against a doorway here and there adds to the variety of the colouring.

My first afternoon was spent amidst the vineyards in the country of the Grande Champagne, and I differed with my host, who apologised for its lack of beauty. I had not expected to see the Alps, and the swelling country, the long, grey buildings amidst their clumps of firs, the broad stretches of vineyard, and the deep green of the meadows were as peaceful a landscape as any painter could wish to paint.

And later in the day, as the sun began to sink low in the sky, there were effects of colour which would be impossible except in a crystal atmosphere, for trees orange and emerald threw purple shadows on a hillside of apple-green. Later still, as the motor-car took us rapidly homeward, the view of the Charente, winding through misty meadows, with long lines of poplars marking its course, was a charming harmony in greys.

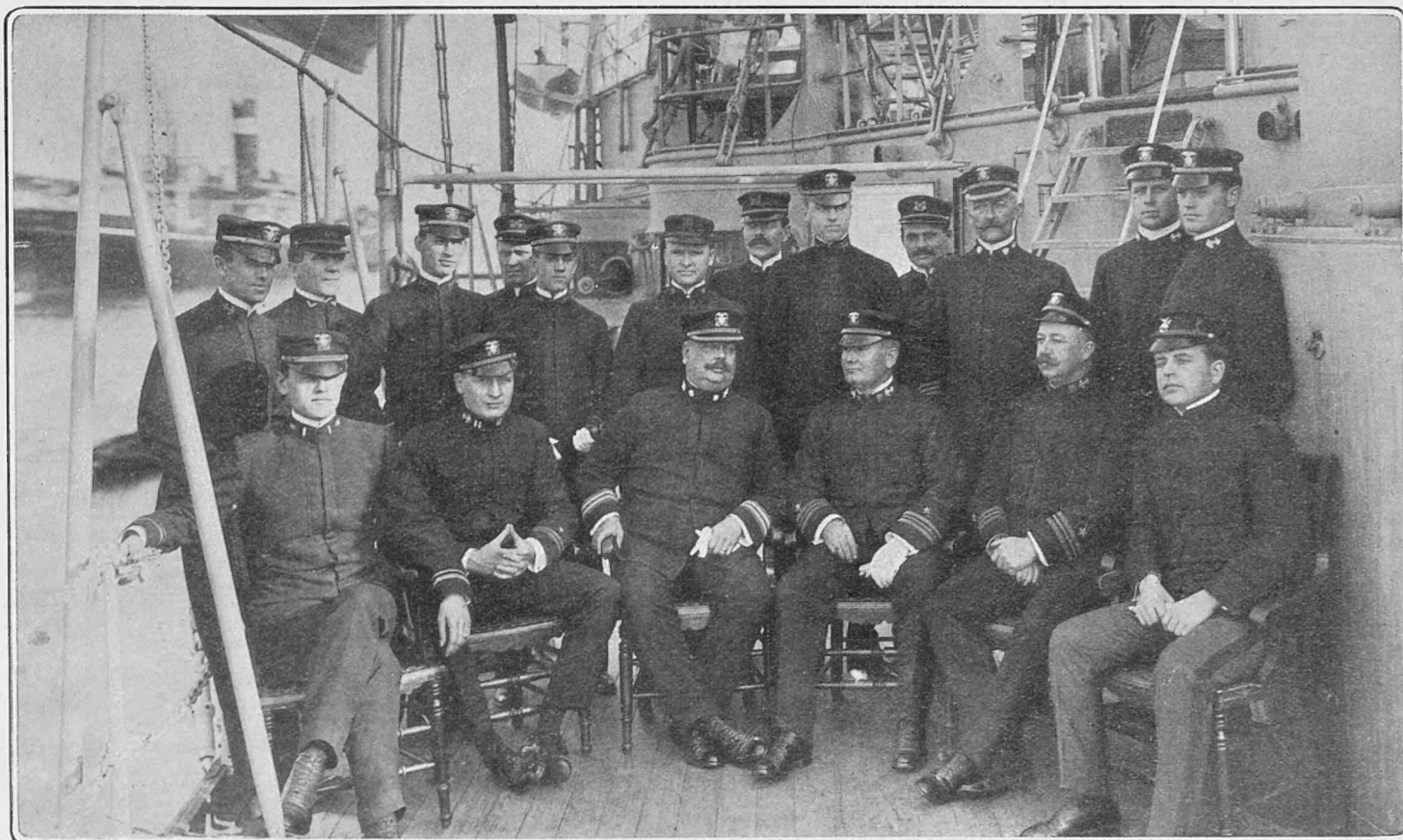
AMERICAN WARSHIPS IN THE THAMES.

The visit of a foreign fleet to these shores is always an occasion for the interchange of compliments, an especially hearty welcome being naturally extended to Jack Tars from the United States. The stay of Admiral Jewell's little squadron at Gravesend is proving no exception to the rule, for, while the men of the two Navies are fraternising in the "breezy" fashion common to sailors of all nations, the "Pilgrims" are to dine the American Admiral and his officers at the Savoy on the 25th inst.



THE LATE MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR "THE SKETCH" IN JULY OF LAST YEAR.

THE AMERICAN SQUADRON AT GRAVESEND.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER L. S. VAN DUZER AND OFFICERS OF THE FLAGSHIP "OLYMPIA."



YANKEE JACK TARS: PLAYING CARDS ON THE DECK OF THE "OLYMPIA" AFTER DINNER.

Photographs by Gale and Folden, Amen Corner, E.C.

QUEEN AND PEASANT.

FROM Copenhagen comes the story of an amusing adventure which befell the Queen of England in the course of her recent excursion to Norway. Her Majesty and her suite were overtaken by a heavy thunder-storm in the neighbourhood of Bergen. Clad in mackintoshes, they sought shelter in a small peasant-dwelling, where, however, they found no one at home except the little daughter of the proprietor. On being asked by the Princess Victoria if her parents were in the neighbourhood, the tiny maiden rushed panic-stricken out of the house to the field where her parents were working, and shouted to them, in a terrified voice, that the house was full of spies. When the mother returned, the Royal party informed her that they were a party of Danish tourists who desired to see the neighbourhood. After the visitors had disappeared, the little girl recovered from her fright sufficiently to search for consolation in the sugar-bowl. There she found not only the sugar she expected, but a note for ten kronen, attached to which was a piece of paper containing the pencilled information that it was a present to the daughter of the house from the Queen of England.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING is once more in his old quarters at the Jockey Club, for Grafton House, the fine, old-fashioned mansion in Newmarket High Street lately acquired by His Majesty, will not be ready for occupation till spring. The Royal suite of rooms in the Jockey Club is admirably arranged, and will be exclusively reserved for the use of the Prince of Wales when the King has taken possession of Grafton House. When at Newmarket, the

Sovereign shows his practical knowledge of the Sport of Kings in many small ways. He is fond of paying informal visits of inspection to the principal training-stables in the neighbourhood.

The Nation's Next Royal Guests. The announcement that the King and Queen of Portugal are shortly coming to this country is a gratifying sign of the

Empire's friendly relations with the most picturesque of Continental States. King Carlos is a close relation of our Royal Family, for he is a Saxe-Coburg by blood, and his clever French Queen was an Orleans Princess and a great favourite of the late Queen Victoria. The King of Portugal is not unlike our own bluff King Hal in personal appearance. He is said to be the best-tempered and most agreeable of European Sovereigns, and he is adored in his own kingdom. Queen Marie-Amélie takes life more seriously. She shares her father the late Comte de Paris' almost painful interest in the working classes and the difficulties with which they have to contend, and she has established hospitals, dispensaries, and schools all over her adopted country, herself studying medicine very seriously in order to work more efficiently on the Committees of which she is President.

The Maori Chieftainess. The chieftainess of the Maoris, Mrs. Donnelly—or, to give her her native name, Airini

Karauria—has now returned to New Zealand after her visit to Great Britain. The lady is the daughter of Karauria, the heroic chief who lost his life in 1867 fighting for the English after the massacre of Poverty Bay, and the niece of Renata, formerly a great fighting-chief of the Maoris. She was brought up by Renata, who gave her the best English education at Wellington, and she was considered by her kinsfolk to be an almost sacred (*tapu*) personage, her birth having been prophesied by a Maori seer. Her uncle and the Maori community were therefore greatly incensed when she married the able young Irishman, George Prior Donnelly, now one of the richest run-holders and sheep-owners in New Zealand. On his death-bed, however, Renata forgave his niece and left her all his vast possessions. Mrs. Donnelly is the foremost native woman in New Zealand, and when the Prince and Princess of Wales made their memorable tour she presented their Royal Highnesses with the gifts they received from the natives. She also acted as cicerone throughout the Maoris' territory. During her stay in England Mrs. Donnelly was honoured with many marks of favour by the King and Queen.

The Strawberry-Leaves. The old story used to be that the humblest of British Peers was more than a match in the way of rank for the proudest of Continental Princes. What, then, of a British Duke? It is difficult to estimate the position of such a territorial magnate either at home or abroad, but certain it is that Kings might envy the pleasant prerogatives of each and every wearer of the strawberry-leaves.

The Royal Dukes. At the present moment

there are but two Royal Dukes—his Grace of Connaught and the Duke of Teck. Some would add the Duke of Fife, but, though he is the King's son-in-law, the Chieftain of the Duff Clan is not of Royal blood, but ranks simply as a great Scotch nobleman. It is a curious fact that both the Royal Dukes are entitled to the title Royal Highness, and are rarely if ever addressed by the quaint and pretty designation which, now reserved for formal documents and use by servants, was once universally applied to Dukes and Duchesses by their acquaintances. As an old-time wag once wrote in a ducal visitors'-book—

... I come
To see their Graces
And to shoot their grouses.

But now the wearers of the strawberry-leaves have to content themselves with the plain designation of "Duke" and "Duchess" when among their equals.

A Stationary Order. Dukedoms do not increase in number. Queen Victoria created only three, those of Fife, Westminster, and Abercorn, and, so far, King Edward has not raised any of his faithful servants to this high estate, though it is rumoured that both Lord Ripon and Lord Cadogan will end as Dukes, and it was also believed at one time that Lord Salisbury had refused the honour. On



PRINCESS AIRINI KARAUURIA (NOW MRS. DONNELLY), CHIEFTAINESS OF THE MAORIS.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

the other hand, the world will probably see one day a Duchess in her own right, for the Duke of Fife's eldest daughter, Lady Alexandra Duff, is to inherit her father's strawberry-leaves, and this even should he in course of time have a son.

The Older Dukes. At the head of the older Dukes stands his Grace of Devonshire, whose long political career, devoid of personal ambition, and whose devotion to the duties of his position as a territorial nobleman have given him a notable place in the affections of his countrymen. Next, perhaps, stand the Dukes of Richmond and Norfolk, both linked with the county of Sussex, the former as lord of Goodwood, with all its associations with the best English sporting spirit, and the latter as master of Arundel Castle, a splendid feudal stronghold. Then must be mentioned the Duke of Abercorn, owner of many broad Irish acres and the friend and helper of Cecil Rhodes, the great Empire-builder. Travel is the passion of the Duke of Somerset and his charming and clever Duchess. The Duke of Sutherland, a Scottish chieftain, is known as a Fiscal Reformer and the shrewd adviser of his wife in her philanthropic schemes. Sport is the great interest of the Dukes of Beaufort and Portland, and the latter will also be remembered as the chairman of Mr. Chamberlain's recent meeting at Welbeck. The Duke of Atholl is an intensely patriotic Scot.

The Younger Dukes. The Duke of Leinster, the youngest of our group, is seventeen. His parents, who are both dead, were accounted the handsomest couple of their time, and the young Duke has inherited their cleverness and brilliancy

Monarchs Past and Present.

Much of the small talk of the Boulevards this week has centred round Versailles, where two monarchs of various periods have been considerably discussed (writes our Paris Correspondent). The first of these two monarchs is Ham N'Ghi, the dethroned King of Annam, who, it will be remembered, gave the French considerable trouble in 1885 before they captured him and shipped him off a prisoner to Algiers. The young ex-King is thirty-three now, and in his years of exile has, while retaining the religion of Confucius and the national costume of his country, become a modern European in education, manners, and in many modes of thought. Some time ago, Ham N'Ghi made the acquaintance of Mdle. Laloe, the daughter of the President of the Appeal Court of Algiers, where the young Prince lives in exile, and he and the young lady became informally betrothed; but, at first, the course of true love ran anything but smoothly, and it was not until the intervention of the French Colonial Minister that the young lady's father would consent to Mdle. Laloe's becoming Queen Ham N'Ghi, or rather, for France will no longer recognise the bridegroom's kingly title, Princess Ung-Lich.

Louis XIV.

The other Versailles monarch who has occupied the gossip of the Boulevards this week is King Louis XIV. of France, who has been brought to life, with all his Court, by that most amiable of men and most ingenious of cinematographists, M. Pathé. On the plea that living pictures of life under the "Grand Monarque" beneath the glades of Versailles park would enhance the pleasures of school-children learning French history, M. Pathé secured permission to take out some eighty gentlemen



WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY AT ST. MARYLEBONE CHURCH, W.

Photographs by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

as well as their good looks. The Dukes of Marlborough and Roxburghe are both married to beautiful Americans, and the former bids fair to have a career in politics. He has already made his mark as Under-Secretary for the Colonies. The Duke of Manchester, who also married an American lady—a pretty compliment to his mother, who is an American—is the grandson of the Duchess of Devonshire. The Duke of Leeds is a clever, cultivated man, whose wife shares his literary tastes. He has a villa at Bordighera. The Duke of Westminster, who married the beautiful Miss Cornwallis-West, is the step-son of Mr. George Wyndham and is already very popular on his grandfather's estates. The Duke of Newcastle, a shy, retiring, delicate man, who is now visiting America, is a devoted High Churchman, and has at Clumber perhaps the most magnificent private chapel in the kingdom.

This Week's Bridal. Many well-known people, and belonging to very different "sets," are interested in the marriage of Miss Hermione Cooper, Sir Alfred Cooper's last spinster daughter, and Mr. Neil Arnott. Miss Cooper, who is a niece of the Duke of Fife, has inherited some of the beauty for which her mother, Lady Agnes Cooper, was famed. For three sisters all to marry within the space of twelve months is something of a record, but that fate has befallen these three pretty girls, of whom the eldest, Mrs. Levita, has just made the popular Sir Alfred a grandfather. The wedding takes place to-day in St. Marylebone Church.

and ladies and to let them disport themselves beneath his instruments' benignant eyes around the Neptune lake and fountain in Versailles. He even borrowed Louis the Fourteenth's state-coach, and was allowed to have the fountains playing in full strength to add life and realism to his series of pictures. The result, for those who saw these pictures taken, was irresistibly comical. Gentlemen in the most modern of modern attire ordered the King and Madame de Maintenon about, scolded them when necessary, and skipped at intervals out of the focus of the camera. His Majesty, most affable of monarchs, was treated now with great respect, now shared a humble meal of bread-and-meat with ladies of the ballet, and, altogether, it was easy to believe oneself under the spell of a benign magician who had let time run on for some of us, while bidding it stand still for others.

Desecration.

And now an outcry about the whole business has added to the fun. So many shrieks against the desecration of the classic precincts of Versailles have been heard in the Paris Press that, through the *Temps*, the Minister of Public Instruction has been compelled to issue a semi-official message to the effect that, as the pictures were taken for educational purposes and nothing else, no outrage on the nation's property—the Versailles park—has been committed. Had the French Government but thought of it, it would have been more dignified and just as easy to order M. Pathé to give malcontents a show of the cinematographic pictures free of charge. Then everyone would have been happy.

Lady Curzon's Mother.

The sad illness of Lady Curzon has aroused wide-spread sympathy both in this country and in the land of her birth, and the daily bulletins have been awaited with anxious expectancy. Lady Curzon's mother (Mrs. Leiter) and sister, who left Denver for England at the earliest possible moment, travelled from New York by the Red Star liner *Vaderland*, arriving at Dover about mid-day on Monday week. Owing to the strong wind, the *Vaderland* anchored off the pier, and the tender *Lady Vila* brought the travellers ashore. Among the people assembled on the pier were Sir William and Lady Crundall, Major Colin Campbell (a member of the Vice-regal Staff), and Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady. A special train was in waiting, and when Walmer was reached a motor-brougham conveyed the party to the Castle. Mrs. and Miss Leiter had a terribly anxious time while on board the *Vaderland*, for, by means of wireless telegraphy, they were able, during the greater part of the voyage, to read the daily bulletins issued from Walmer Castle, and the earlier ones published were of so grave a nature that they could hardly have expected anything but a fatal termination to Lady Curzon's illness.

The King of Saxony.

The illness of the King of Saxony has lately taken a favourable turn, and it is now considered that His Majesty is out of danger. At one time it seemed almost impossible that he could recover, since his respiratory organs were so badly affected that he was scarcely able to breathe and could take but very little nourishment. The King has just entered on his seventy-third year, for he was born in August 1832. He married in 1859 the Infanta Maria Anna of Portugal, a cousin of our own Royal Family. Princess George of Saxony, as she then was, died just twenty years ago.



THE KING OF SAXONY, WHO HAS BEEN SERIOUSLY ILL.

Photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.

Therefore, so runs the contention, the House of Biesterfeld must be declared disqualified to exercise sovereign sway over the wealthy little Principality of Lippe. Count Adolf, who married the sister of the Emperor William, argues that he alone possesses sufficient quarters of

nobility to legitimately ascend the throne, when it shall become vacant. Unfortunately, the doctrine of "equal birth" is a two-edged sword, and, when the claim comes up for adjudication by the Sovereigns of Germany, it is more than probable that the House of Biesterfeld will succeed in revealing a curious blemish in the genealogical roots of the Schaumburgers. Meanwhile, Count Leopold has been proclaimed

Regent and has been acknowledged as such by the Parliament of the Principality. His opponent has, however, a powerful ally in the Emperor William, who is the Commander-in-Chief of the garrison of the small State. One result of this is that the soldiers have not been allowed to take the oath of allegiance to the new Regent. The absence of all control over the military element of his State was a serious inconvenience to the father of the newly proclaimed Regent.

Owing to the refusal of the Emperor to place him at the head of the Detmold garrison, the late Count Ernst found himself in the awkward predicament of having no uniform to distinguish him from many of his "subjects." Count Ernst was, however, a man of resource, and, to the profound

vexation of the Prussian-Court, he composed a House uniform for his own family. This uniform consisted of a green dress-suit with rose-coloured collar, and epaulettes richly ornamented with silver brocade and showing in a field of silver the rose of the Biesterfeld coat-of-arms. Trousers with a wide border, a three-cornered hat, and a sword completed the uniform in which the late Regent usually appeared on festive occasions. The Berlin Court learned of the innovation by the appearance at a certain Imperial ball of one of the sons of the Regent in the House uniform of his father. As the young Count was a Prussian officer, he was, of course, guilty of a serious breach of etiquette in venturing into the apartments of the Emperor in this costume. He was requested to return to his quarters without delay and change it.

Kensington has always been in a peculiar sense associated with Queen Victoria. Not only was the late Sovereign born in the Royal Borough, but she spent there much of her austere childhood and girlhood; there also she elected to have placed the Albert Memorial. It is, therefore, very fitting that the old High Street, beloved of Thackeray, should have a memorial of Kensington's greatest daughter, and next week Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who herself lives in the Palace, unveils the latest monument or column put up in memory of her revered mother. Kensington has now three Royal inhabitants, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, who has a pretty, modest dwelling within a walk of the Palace where her two aunts have suites of rooms.



LADY CURZON'S ILLNESS: THE ARRIVAL OF MRS. AND MISS LEITER AT DOVER ON OCT. 3. MRS. LEITER IS THE LEADING FIGURE IN OUR PHOTOGRAPH. BOTH LADIES WERE DRESSED IN DEEP MOURNING ON ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT DEATH OF MR. LEITER SENIOR.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY.

Photograph by Otto Mayer, Dresden.

*The late Sir William
Harcourt.*

Although Sir William Harcourt was past his fighting days and was taking off his armour, he will be missed by the House of Commons. The House likes a fighter on whichever side he sits, and Sir William was ever a fighter. His argumentative speeches were ponderous—"after the manner of 'Historicus,'" as Mr. Chamberlain used to say—but when he trounced an opponent the performance was always enjoyable. He hit out with great spirit and enjoyed the fun himself. Swinging round to face members on his own side, he would fold his arms and look over

He has maintained silence longer than the average new member, and the House will be glad to hear him next Session. Mr. Lewis Harcourt is just the age—forty-one—at which his father entered Parliament.

*The Threatened
"Garden of Sleep."*

There is something mournful in the thought that so much of our beautiful coast-line is being destroyed and absorbed by the advancing sea. This is the case with the lovely stretch of cliff near Cromer known as the "Garden of Sleep"; indeed, there has recently taken place there a bad landslip, and it is feared that the picturesque tower and its surrounding piece of "Poppyland" may in time share the same fate.

*The New
"G.C.I.E."*

No one will deny that the bestowal of the "G.C.I.E." on Lord Ampthill is an honour well deserved. Lord Ampthill, by reason of his position as Governor of Madras, is now Acting-Governor-General of India in the absence of Lord Curzon, an office at all times onerous, and especially so when held but temporarily. On his shoulders will probably fall the task of ratifying the agreements drafted and signed at Lassa between the British Commissioners and the Tibetan authorities.

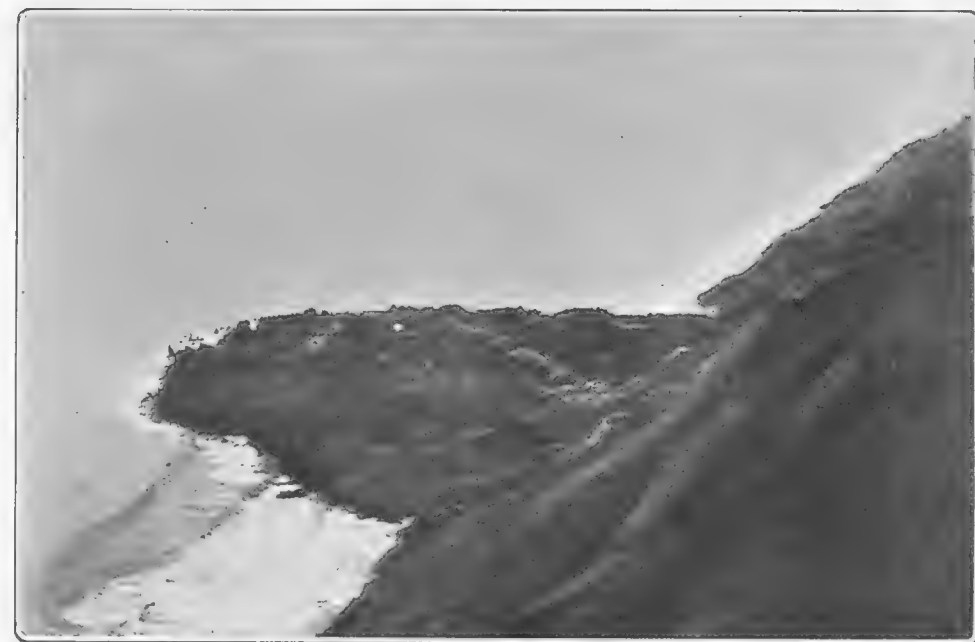
Kaiser, Limited.

Kaiser Wilhelm the ubiquitous is becoming quite a businessman. Only a few days ago he visited a new majolica factory at Cadinen in which he is financially interested, and, now that one of his personal Aides-de-Camp, Captain Grumme, has been appointed a director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, it is realised that he is not only a large shareholder in the concern, but has practically been its joint-manager for years past. At least half of the glory of Herr Ballin is, it would appear, but a reflection of that of his Imperial master, who has taken the most active interest in the commercial and shipping operations of the Company. The news opens curious possibilities.

When the first products of the Cadinen works were placed before His Majesty, according to Laffan, "he turned to his suite and jocularly invited them, in the professional salesman style, to buy his goods. The result was, of course, a roaring trade." Will the ingenious Emperor apply the same tactics to his shipping business? What patriotic German merchant could refuse to send his goods by the Imperial line, even were there no such thing as *lèse-majesté*?

*King Alfonso's
Bride.*

The Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, whose engagement to the young King of Spain is unofficially announced, is the eldest daughter of Duke Paul Frederick of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and was born at Vienna on May 28, 1884. She is, therefore, just two years older than King Alfonso, who was born on May 17, 1886. If the marriage takes place, the Mecklenburg family will have provided a future Empress of Germany, a future Queen of Denmark, and a Queen of Spain. The family is Protestant; but the father of the Duchess became a Roman Catholic when he married a Roman Catholic Princess, and this has made it possible for the marriage to be contemplated.



THE RECENT LANDSLIP AT OVERSTRAND, NEAR CROMER.

his pince-nez to watch them laughing and applauding. His tall figure, dignified presence, and handsome face seemed to increase the effect of his speeches.

One of the most remarkable features of Sir William Harcourt's career was that he never made enemies among his opponents. Sensitive, mediocre men on his own side may have had a grudge against him, for he did not carefully weigh his words in the case of pretentious persons, but his attacks in debate were always fair and he found it easy to be on good terms with prominent Conservatives. Because he did not carry his hates into private life, some people suspected the sincerity of his convictions. In latter years, however, a more generous view was taken of his character and it was seen that he had strongly held principles.

Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt got on well together. When Sir William was Leader of the House he consulted "Arthur" (as he called him in private) about the arrangements of business, and when their positions were changed Mr. Balfour was equally deferential to Sir William. He shows less regard for the present Leader of the Opposition, who probably drives a harder bargain. No one has paid finer compliments than Mr. Balfour has paid to the late Liberal statesman—except, perhaps, Mr. Chaplin, who was one of his oldest adversaries and friends. Sir William and Mr. Chaplin were often seen in the Lobby chatting and making merry.

The mystery surrounding the time when Lord Rosebery, instead of Sir William Harcourt, was chosen to succeed Mr. Gladstone as Prime Minister has not been removed. Some say that the reasons of the choice were political, others that they were personal, but almost all agree that the selection of Sir William Harcourt was made impossible by the refusal of prominent colleagues to serve under him. Sir William, however, was not without consolation. He raised his reputation by the Leadership of the House of Commons, and he endeared himself to Radicals by the Death Duties. Probably in the end he bore no resentment. On one of the last occasions on which Sir William was seen at Westminster he was standing in the Upper House listening to Lord Rosebery.

Fortunately, the name of Harcourt remains in the House of Commons. Sir William's devoted son, commonly known as "Lulu," has not spoken yet, but if he desire a political career he will likely succeed. Few men are better informed in State affairs, for he has been his father's confidential friend, and as a speaker he is ready and caustic.



"THE GARDEN OF SLEEP," OVERSTRAND.

THIS CHURCHYARD, MADE FAMOUS BY CLEMENT SCOTT'S BALLAD, IS ALSO IN DANGER OF DESTRUCTION OWING TO THE ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SEA.
Photographs by S. H. Wrightson.

The Grand Duke Nicholas.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaevitch, who will probably succeed the incapable Admiral Alexeieff as Viceroy of the Far East, is the eldest son of the late Grand Duke Nicholas, who was the third son of the Czar Nicholas I. He is, therefore, the first-cousin once removed of the present Czar, and, as he was born only in 1856, he is still in the prime of life. He began his career as a soldier in the Russo-Turkish War, as a Lieutenant on the Headquarters Staff under his father, who was the Commander-in-Chief, and is now Inspector-General of Cavalry in the Russian Army. The Grand Duke is a very fine man and is the tallest of the Grand Dukes. When the war broke out he wished to serve under General Kuropatkin, but, as the latter expressed the wish that none of the Imperial Family should be sent to the Front, he gave up the idea.

King Victor Emmanuel at Racconigi.

The King of Italy has been leading a very solitary life at Racconigi, and, though he goes out in his motor-car every day, and shoots in the park, he never goes far from the Castle. King Victor Emmanuel always lunches alone, but, as a rule, dines with General Brusati, Dr. Quirico, and one or two officers on duty. Professor Morisani, when he was at the Castle, occupied the place of honour.



THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN, A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Photograph by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.

After coffee, the King leaves the table, talks for about half-an-hour longer with his guests, and then retires, and by ten o'clock everyone has gone to bed. It is said that no fewer than eight hundred thousand letters and petitions reached the Castle at the time the Prince was born, most of them asking for money, portraits, or souvenirs.

The Marchioness Camden.

Lady Camden is a grand-daughter of the venerable Lord Abergavenny, for, before her marriage, she was Miss Joan Nevill. Bayham Abbey is one of the most beautiful places in Kent, and both Lord and Lady Camden, who are devoted to country life, spend there much of each year, often visiting Eridge Castle, where live so many of Lady Camden's own relations. Lord Brecknock, the little son and heir of Marquis Camden, is five years old, and a very fine, sturdy little fellow.

Sir Henry Irving and Sunderland.

Sir Henry Irving's forthcoming visit to Sunderland is of especial interest, for it was there—at the Royal Lyceum on Sept. 29, 1856—that he made his first appearance on any stage, appearing as Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in "Richelieu." Curiously enough, despite many invitations, he has never revisited the town that witnessed his début, and thus Sunderland is destined to be the scene of only his first and one of his last performances.

Lady Normanby.

The mistress of Mulgrave Castle is one of the very few Peeresses who is the wife of a clergyman, and she counts among other pleasant privileges that of having a residence in the Cloisters of Windsor Castle. Till this year, Lord Normanby was regarded as the most obdurate of clerical bachelors, and his marriage proved the great esteem and affection in which he is held by his hosts of friends and old pupils. For a time Mulgrave Castle was a very popular preparatory school where were prepared for Eton several future Dukes and budding Peers. Lord Normanby is still much interested in educational matters, and he advocates strenuously the teaching of games and sports as well as of the 'ologies.



THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

Photograph by Jacolette, South Kensington.

Some of the distinguished visitors to Balmoral have made use of a motor-omnibus. A service of motor-omnibuses has been provided by the Great North of Scotland Railway Company for the journey between Ballater Station and Braemar, and, so far as traffic is concerned, the cars have been wonderfully successful. They accommodate sixteen persons inside, besides two alongside the driver. There are net-racks for light luggage, and heavier articles are carried on the roof. Large windows at each side and end give the passengers sufficient opportunity to enjoy the fine scenery of Deeside. The difficulty in the way of the ascent of a very stiff "brae" in the vicinity of Ballater has been overcome, but what prevents the more general adoption of such an omnibus is the strain of the car upon the wheels. The cost of re-tyring is very heavy.

A Tariff Reformer. Mr. "Willie" Grenfell has in his comparatively short day played many parts. He is the *beau idéal* of British athleticism. He played cricket for Harrow, and when he went up to Balliol he rowed twice in the University Boat-race, and he also got his "blue" as a three-miler. Later on, he climbed in the Alps, shot in the Rockies and the Himalayas, swam twice across Niagara, and, last but not least, stroked a racing eight across the Channel. Mr. Grenfell, politically speaking, has boxed the compass. He began as private secretary to the late Sir William Harcourt, but his views have now become not only Tory, but Chamberlainite.



MR. W. H. GRENFELL, M.P., AN ARDENT TARIFF REFORMER.

Photograph by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

The death of Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi recalls the fact that his colossal statue of "Liberty," which dominates New York Harbour, was presented to America, represented by the United States Minister in Paris, by the French people in July of 1884. It was borne to its destination on a warship, and inaugurated in 1886. Later the compliment was in a measure returned by the Americans, who gave a reduced copy of the original for erection on the bridge of Grenelle in Paris during the Exhibition of '89.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

FOR some months past I have been studying the career of the Japanese Fleet in the light of telegrams to various morning papers. Until the war broke out, it was popularly supposed that the descendants of Ananias had settled in Shanghai; few people realised that large numbers had migrated to Chifu and other points where the telegraph-wire lives a secure yet unprotected life. I was of the majority, and, consequently, whenever news came that a Japanese warship had been placed *hors de combat* I reduced the Fleet by one. During the past few weeks I have been forced to the conclusion that Admiral Togo's vessels must be represented by a minus-sign, that the last had been put out of action some time ago, and that some, at least, must have been destroyed several times. And now my morning paper, writing with full authority, declares that the Japanese Fleet is almost as it was when war began, lacking only the *Hatsuse*, *Yoshino*, and one or two smaller vessels. Under these circumstances, the slow progress of the scratch team, called by courtesy the Baltic Fleet, becomes more intelligible. But it is hardly surprising that the gentlemen who earn a precarious living by telegraphing bazaar-rumours are becoming discredited.

The Port Arthur Programme.

As the Correspondents have treated the Japanese Fleet, so they have treated the armies of the indefatigable Nogai. In the light of telegrams, I understand that the daily programme at Port Arthur seldom varies. At daybreak or soon after, the Japanese attack a Russian position and capture it. General Stoessel then calls for volunteers; they gather together and rush towards the captured fortress, shouting the Russian for "Banzai." The invader is driven out. Mine-fields explode under him. He loses ten thousand men. General Stoessel

makes a speech, sends a telegram, and retires to his quarters. *C'est tout.* On the following morning the Japs send forward another ten thousand men over such mine-fields as are yet unexploded. When the truth is published, I am inclined to think it will be less serious for Japan. A journalist myself, I recognise the difficulties that lie before Correspondents, but if, in their intelligent anticipation of events, they would exhibit a less conventional imagination and would vary the figures and details ever so little, the reading world would be more interested and neither Russian nor Jap would suffer. The only man who lies in manner that is at once picturesque, stimulating, and reasonable works for a newspaper in Rome. Doubtless he will be translated to Fleet Street or New York ere long.

Free Meals and Small Scholars.

Perhaps the country is not sufficiently wealthy at the moment to listen with enthusiasm to the ladies and gentlemen who are busily occupied in advocating the State feeding of hungry school-children. If we were passing through an era of great national prosperity, the proposition would doubtless command a larger measure of assent. But the more one reads the arguments put forward, the greater becomes the conviction that it is at best a wasteful policy to insist upon education for children who are not physically fit to receive it. Apparently, the cost of two meals a day would be quite inconsiderable when it is compared with the advantages that would result. Doubtless, there are reasons of State and reasons of policy that may suffice to render futile all the efforts of philanthropy, but one feels that they could be cleared away if the powers that be were placed—only for a few weeks and by way of getting experience—in the position of the hard-working poor, who, with the best of intentions and endeavour, are unable to give their little ones a regular or nourishing breakfast and dinner.

How to Hasten the Millennium.

After all, there is nothing like practical experience. If every Judge on the Common Law side could serve six months' hard labour before he went for the first time to the Assizes or Central Criminal Court, sentences would suffer considerable reduction all round. If statesmen who make war knew that any conflict would send them to the trenches for six months, Peace would be more popular than ever. If strike-leaders or organisers could change places for a few months with employers of labour, what sweet reasonableness would arise in the conduct of future disputes. If the fast-flying motorist could experience to the full the sensations of the man he has come very near to destroying suddenly, scorching would cease. In short, the Millennium may be expected when some man of science can arrange for the transference of sensations among people opposed on political, social, or religious grounds. Just now the possibilities of the arrangement are remote, but at the present rate of world-progress it would be absurd to despair. Chloroform, hypnotism, wireless telegraphy, the Rev. R. J. Campbell—let us reflect upon the achievements and gifts of the past fifty years and remain full of hope.

Leprosy and Fish.

A letter from Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson to my morning paper deserves the widest circulation. It conveys a very serious warning against the risks of introducing leprosy into the Transvaal. According to theories that have a fairly general acceptance among the most profound thinkers, bad fish is responsible in part for the terrible disease, and a glance at the list of food prepared for John Chinaman shows that salted fish figures prominently upon it several times during the week. If the quality of the fish deteriorates, or the curing is done hurriedly and incompletely, the penalties imposed by that relentless old lady Dame Nature are likely to be severe. It is a curious fact, seeing that bad fish is held accountable in part for leprosy, that I have seen dozens of lepers in the East who, from the position of the city that shelters them, may be deemed to have lived without fish all their lives. Many lepers live and die hundreds of miles inland.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"DO WE BELIEVE?" WITH APOLOGIES TO THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

THE ALLEGED RETURN OF BILL BAILEY: A CONTRADICTION.



EXTRACT FROM "THE LIDY": "We are able to state, on the very best authority, that the rumour of Mr. William Bailey's return to his home is entirely without foundation. Mr. Bailey is still awaited with the utmost anxiety."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"HIS HIGHNESS MY HUSBAND" AND "HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT."

THE title "His Highness My Husband" seems to suggest the position of someone who has married above her: the play, of course, deals with nothing of the kind; it handles, indeed, the position of a young reigning Queen and her Consort. In this we might have had a big drama, a study of the conflict in the heart of a woman between an education in the idea of the Divine Right of royalty and love, whatever love may mean. One envies the serious dramatist who shall work upon such a theme as the relations of a woman with a man whom she loves and yet is forced to treat as an inferior. Alas, in the new piece one really sees little more than the contest already utilised by dramatists in plays set in fantastic Amazonian realms, and the French authors and Mr. William Boosey together, or, it may be, in opposition, have never touched the heart of their subject. The outcome is a book almost ready-made for comic opera, and with little more in it than the superficiality of comic opera. It is even agreeable to believe that the collaborateurs have not grasped their subject firmly enough to render useless for the stage a matter unused for many years past. I haste to say that the result of their labours is a pleasant light comedy with several pretty scenes and none that are dull. There is repetition, for the simple reason that one is dealing with the mere surface, but even after it is clear that the promise of a real comedy will not be fulfilled the play is quite entertaining.

A good deal has been said about its impropriety. It would not be difficult to make a specious case as *Dévil's Advocate* for the play, and complain that we were rather too easily shocked by introduction of the Pyjamas, the exact meaning of which was missed by many, and needlessly horrified by the mild erotics of the Queen's Aunt. If the piece had had less prettiness, probably few would have been shocked. It might be said that nothing is shocking save relatively, and that all and more of the traces of salted humour would have passed very well had the play been written as farce. In the case of pieces that vary greatly in plane and standard it often happens that the finer passages are the more harmful. We could well have swallowed the Pyjamas if they had not followed a scene indecisive, no doubt, in style, yet tinged at least by a tone of poignant comedy. In Paris, it appears, the piece was rattled through on a simple basis of farce and frank, broad humour, so utterly non-moral as to render the play harmless. Many of our most prudish pieces are painfully immoral, and plenty of the Rabelaisian dramas of Paris are utterly innocuous.

The French have ingeniously established a system under which maidens are not taken to certain well-known theatres, wherefore no one runs the risk of being shocked unwillingly at them. Certainly they gain something in not indefensible merriment, as well as in opportunity for true treatment of grave social questions; and to this in a great measure may be traced the superiority of French drama over ours in modern times. The hypocritical, head-in-the-sand method enforced here clearly has done harm, and in more ways than one. Certainly, as matters are, it would be wise slightly to tone down some of the humours and, as far as possible, turn all the play to prettiness.

The performance of Miss Miriam Clements as the young Queen makes one curious as to her future. During the last few years she has given several delightful pieces of acting, yet no one has put a very heavy burden on her. We know very well the limits of most of our leading ladies, since there are few that have not been tried by some task out of their powers. Miss Clements remains untested. Her work as the young woman fighting against love and its influence, on the one hand, and the effects of training and tradition, is remarkably graceful and easy. The part is but sketched, the scenes only allow her to display shallow emotion, and she appears to show great tact in not forcing the note—"appears to show," for we do not yet know how far she

could have strengthened her exhibition of passion. The result is a singularly perfect piece of acting, graced by the remarkable personal charm of the actress. Some of us will never get quite accustomed to the curious mannerisms of Mr. Boyne, which were decidedly disadvantageous in several scenes, but in the important passages he was undoubtedly of great service as the rebellious Consort who refused to obey the orders of his wife and acted on the spirit of the line, "Loved I not honour more." Mr. Eric Lewis was very amusing as the wicked old ex-King of Ingra, one of the roguish Royalties whose escapades are the diversion of Paris: it is rather a pity that only the purely comic aspect of the character is treated, since one would like to have a touch of its vileness displayed. Clearly Miss Lottie Venne was the right actress to represent the Queen's amorous, middle-aged aunt, though she could not give any note of novelty to the threadbare humours. Mr. Philip Cunningham, of whom too little has been seen of late, was cleverly comic as her unwilling lover.

After the favourable reception of "His Majesty's Servant" by a fashionable audience at the Imperial, it seems almost idle to go on writing seriously about drama. If this sort of thing is good enough for our public, the critic's labours are futile. It is, of course, innocuous: one might fancy that it had been written by schoolgirls for schoolboys, and then hammered into shape by an elder brother who contributed a few fairly clever lines to mitigate the effect of the antique dialogue. As a matter of fact, it is the work of two ladies, Mesdames Barnwell Elliott and Maud Hosford, but I learn that Mr. Henry Hamilton has done some re-shaping. Such an announcement seems curious. The case of collaboration between someone who has an original dramatic idea and no technical skill and someone who has technical skill and lacks original dramatic ideas seems natural; but the merit and attraction of the new play lie exclusively in its manipulative dexterity. It exhibits no novelty of plot, no charm of dialogue, no originality of idea, but is rich in well-tested devices put together adroitly if not brilliantly—for there is something less than due stage-effect in the chief *coups de théâtre* of the play. Consequently, one is anxious to know what can have been the character of the material supposed to have been licked into shape by Mr. Henry Hamilton.

Perhaps rumour and the paragraphs are wrong as to his work in the matter; certainly his name only appears on the programme as the "producer." There was a time, of course, when the stage-manager of a theatre "produced" plays; but for some not obvious reason he seems to have lost his functions, though his name still figures upon programmes. In speaking of its merits, I should have said that it has some capital acting parts, and this, of course, is decidedly praiseworthy. Mr. Lewis Waller has been fitted capitally. The romantic actor could hardly ask for a "fatter" part, though he may for a few speeches of finer rhetorical character. The cleverness with which some Beaucaire business is brought in and Mr. Waller is also allowed in one scene to exhibit an Irish accent is quite remarkable. It must be added that he plays Mohun quite perfectly; in fact, one would not have his performance altered a whit.

Miss Evelyn Millard signalises her welcome return to the stage by a charming performance, rich in grace and style, as the heroine; Miss Darragh works bravely and cleverly at the part of a ridiculous female villain; Mr. Norman McKinnel is really powerful in the character of a fierce Roundhead General; Mr. H. V. Esmond makes a vivid little picture of Charles II. out of poor materials; Mr. Frank Dyall is a capital chief villain; Miss Mary Rorke, of course, is charming as the Loyalist Lady Hqlland, and Miss Pollie Emery earned abundant laughter in the part of an Irish orange-girl.



MISS MAUD HOSFORD,
ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF MR. LEWIS WALLER'S NEW PLAY,
"HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT."
Photograph by Fowler.

SOME STUDIES OF MR. TREE AS CALIBAN IN "THE TEMPEST."



SKETCHED IN THE STALLS AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY C. HARRISON.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: SOME TYPES OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.



Photographs by Richards and Co., Ballarat.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: A TYPE OF AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY.



Photograph by Richards and Co., Ballarat.

OF MUSIC, IN ITS RELATION TO THE POLICE.

By JOHN WORNE.



"YESSIR; a year ago, sir, I wouldn't 'ave believed it, not if you 'ad come with a affidavit."

"Come, tell me all about it—if you have a minute or two to spare."

"Yessir. Police-Constable J. G. Jones, sir, 769 X Div. On the morning of the day in question, me Lud—your Wosshup—sir, I arrived at the station at the usual time, sir, preparatory to goin' on dooty in the ordinary course. Thereupon, I seed the prisoner—no, me Lud—sir, I seed the Superintendent, an' 'e said, in the presence of the prisoner an' in 'is 'earin—no, sir, come to think of it, there wasn't no prisoner."

He paused to reflect. He apparently had some little difficulty in putting together a statement unconnected with a prisoner.

"An' the Superintendent sez, sir, 'Jones,' he sez, 'are you susceptible to the softer emotions?' Well, that sort of took me in a lump, sir; couldn't

speak for blushin', like, thinkin' as may be 'e'd seen me off dooty on Clapham Common the Sunday before. Not as I was ashamed o' the girl *then*, sir, not 'avin' no need to be, bein' as unregenerate as she was 'erself. That came afterwards, sir. 'Owever, sir, I composed my beatin' 'cart an' said as me an' the softer emotions 'ad nothink as you might call assimilations; an' at that 'e sez all right an' I was to go on dooty that night at Queen's 'All."

He raised his helmet a moment, brushed a wisp of hair back from his forehead and tucked it behind his ear.

"One moment, sir." He hurried to the middle of the road, where the traffic, in his absence, had been tying itself into knots. I watched him. He was not, like other policemen, content with simply raising his arm. His right hand held his truncheon, delicately poised between the tips of his fingers, and on it were fixed the eyes of all the horses and drivers in front of him. His left hand was spread out soothingly, deprecatingly, towards the seething mass on his left. His body strained forward, and his mouth was half-opened in the intensity of his excitement. A great silence fell upon the whole street; the cough of a horse gave one quite a start. I lit a match, and he turned round sharply upon me with a scowl. I dropped the match hurriedly and held my breath. A sweep of the truncheon to the right and the whole body of traffic in that direction moved forward as one 'bus. A magnificent sweep of the truncheon to the left, together with a warning and repressive movement of the left hand (signifying that care must be taken to observe the rule of the road), and the traffic on the other side followed suit.

A few rhythmic beats, a wiggle of the truncheon here, a waggle there, with corresponding swan-like gestures of the hand as individual hansom were kept in their places; and then the rush from the sides ceased and the main stream was allowed to flow on.

It was beautifully done. Several foreign gentlemen commented upon it favourably. The constable bowed two or three times, wiped his brow, and returned to my side.

"Yessir, as I was sayin', they put me on dooty at Queen's 'All. 'Ave you ever been to 'is concerts there?"

"Whose concerts?" I asked.

He fished up from his manly chest a locket on a piece of string and handed it to me. I opened it with care. It contained a portrait of Mr. Henry J. Wood.

He looked over my shoulder. "'Enery J., I call 'im," he murmured in an awed whisper. "D'ye think it's like 'im?"

I said it seemed so, though only a back view. He took it from me jealously and returned it to the place from which it came.

"Yessir: 'e'd 'ave been a nailer at traffic, 'e would. But there, we don't all 'ave the good fortune to get into the line as we're best at. 'Ave you ever noticed the officers on dooty at Queen's 'All?"

I said that I had not noticed anything remarkable about them.

"No, sir; that's it. We 'as to keep a calm exterior, sir. If it 'ad been known, sir, what tumulchus emotions was swellin' up inside me at 'earin' Bashe's concert-o in E Minor for two pianoforts an' horchestra—"

A spasm of fury crossed his face. A barrel-organ had settled down hard by with "Hiawatha." He took the name of its owner and rushed it out of hearing.

"Barrel-organs have a poor time when you are near," I remarked.

"Yessir; and yet it ain't so long since I would 'ave whistled 'Sammy' myself without turnin' a 'air. Which reminds me 'ow me an' 'er fell out. I 'appened to be whistlin' the last few bars of the '1812 Overture' by Tse-Teh-ch-ch—"

I gave him the word.

"Thank *you*, sir: 'ow true it is that you can worship where you can't pronounce!—when, of a sudden, she nips in with that same 'Sammy' afore I could get to the end. I hexplains to 'er with regret that to do such a thing don't show proper feeling for the classics. I puts it to her, what would she say if 'Enery J. 'ad no more control of 'is team than to let 'em burst out into 'Sammy' in the middle of Beethoven's Symphony, No. 3 in E-flat, pop'larly known as the 'Eroic,' by reason of its 'eroic or manly qualities."

"And what did she say she would say?"

"She said as, if she'd known there was any charnce of it, she'd 'ave spent a bob on the Promenade an' never thought it wasted. There weren't nothin' more to be said, sir. We parted."

"But could you not have given her time? You might have educated her—"

"No good, sir; she'd 'ad 'er chance. I 'ad 'ummed over the 'Ride of the Valk—Valk—"

I helped him through.

"Thank *you*, sir—by Wagner; but she larfed, said there didn't seem nothin' in it. Nothin' in it; oh, 'Enery J.! Oh, them descendin' chromatic chords! One of the most darin' and powerful pieces o' realism in all music, sir, though I say it as shouldn't—an' nothin' in it!"

"Why shouldn't you say it?" I ventured to ask.

"'Cos it's down in the programme, sir; an' what me an' the programme says ain't evidence, bein', so to speak, officially responsible for bringin' Wagner into the public heye. But I ain't ashamed o' my part in it, sir. No, sir; if the Chief Commissioner of Police was to come to me, sir, an' say, '769 X Division, is it true that but for you a party, name of Wagner, would never 'ave been 'eard of?' I should be 'appy to admit it, if it was true; even though 'e should dismiss me from the force, sir, on the spot. Oh, sir, 'ow that great man, though a furriner, 'as changed the 'ole course of my life! It breaks my 'cart to stop a motor-car now; the sound reminds me so of 'im at 'is best. What a hoverture 'e would 'ave written to a Gordon-Bennett Cup race! 'Ow 'e would 'ave brought up vivid in the mind a fifty-two 'orse-power Panhard a-runnin' over a pig!"

"Schweinestod in F Minor for trombone and five drums," I suggested.

"That's it, sir. I 'ave realised as I 'ave never realised before 'ow petty are our little griefs, sir, compared with the hagony as you can get, without much practice, out of a trombone. 'Ere, get out of that!"

He grabbed a small errand-boy by the collar and put a sudden end to the haunting melody of "Bill Bailey."

"I flatter myself, sir, I 'ave done somethink, 'owever little, to raise the tone of the neighbourhood. But there is a black cloud, sir, floatin' over my life."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"It comes to me in my dreams, sir, an' I wakes up all of a perspiration. I 'ave been 'eard to groan in my sleep, sir."

"Dear me!"

"Yes, sir; the Promenades is nearly over, and there's no sayin' but I mayn't be hordered on dooty at—at the Hoxford Music 'All. I ham convinced, sir, as my soul would wither away. Pardon me, sir; good-day."

For a cabman and a 'bus-driver were engaging in conversation, and he hurried back to his post.

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FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"VERANILDA."

By GEORGE GISSING.
(Constable. 6s.)

antiquity and could infuse into a story of the ancient world that spirit of romance which he never compassed in his earlier writings. He, if any man, was capable of restoring the somewhat discredited classical novel, and it is a pity that the diction and manner of "Veranilda" should be so painfully reminiscent of Lytton. The use of the term classical, however, as applied to "Veranilda" must in justice be qualified, for the story is not of the Golden or even the Silver Age. It is of Rome in the sixth century after Christ, and of the struggles of Goth and Byzantine. Yet the flavour of the work is that which could only have been imparted by an accomplished classical scholar, and in point of history and archæology the book will remain a monument to Gissing's erudition. With a less strained and mannered phraseology the story of the love of the Roman Basil and the Gothic maiden Veranilda would have taken its place among the great romances of our tongue. As it is, we cannot choose but read, although in the end it is impossible to endorse the opinion of Mr. Frederic Harrison's preface that this book contains Gissing's "best and most original work." The material is there, doubtless, but the high-flown, stilted language belongs to another period of our literature. Many of us, we are sure, who have in college days been fascinated with the spell of Greece and Rome have begun to write just such a story as "Veranilda," and we sometimes glance with kindly amusement even now at the fading pages. How Gissing had the courage to finish is a marvel. But, in spite of all its faults, the book only increases our affectionate regard and regret for the gifted and scholarly author.

"THE LADY OF LOYALTY HOUSE."

By JUSTIN HUNTLY
McCarthy.
(Methuen. 6s.)

thought Cavalier and Roundhead alike. This gracious lady, holding her beleaguered house gallantly for the King, captures (by none too honourable a trick, some might say) the Captain of the Roundheads, Evander Cloud, and, from open contempt and hatred of her prisoner, her feeling gradually changes to a passionate love that cares not for political opinion. Even the arrival under her own roof of the monarch whom she had formerly worshipped as a demi-god fails to awake her enthusiasm until she recognises in him the sole power to save her lover from the death with which he is threatened, and her feverish pleadings actually win from the sad monarch grace for this follower of Cromwell. But, notwithstanding the glamour of these great names, it is Halfman, the whimsical adventurer, with his doubtful code and his past of none too savoury incident, that arouses the reader's interest, and, although in his death he must needs play to the gallery, as was ever his wont in life, he is the man one likes to remember in this chronicle. It will be seen from this brief analysis that here are the makings of a pretty love-story threading in and out of the more stirring episodes of the time. It is slight enough, in all conscience, but, along its own line—successful.

"THE FOOD OF THE GODS AND HOW IT CAME TO EARTH."

By H. G. WELLS.
(Macmillan. 6s.)

knockabouts, girlish heroine and womanly hero. The accessories are there in abundance—a food almost as potent as vril and many times

The late George Gissing's last work is at once a surprise and a disappointment. Very few of those who associated him with rather dreary modernity guessed that he was a master of

more fattening, and, consequent upon it, sixty-foot children, "schewpendous" rats, pullets as tall as emus, eighteen-inch wasps, lobster-like earwigs, gigantic grass, colossal canary-creeper, enormous nettles, and other etceteras to scale. Why, then, the lapse? Why provide the ballet scene only? Seriously, the novel is a

disappointment. Some of it is in the true Wellsian manner, but, as a whole, it is not unusual enough to justify itself, to rise above the unambitious level of a pantomime "set," minus the Grigolatis. Curious as it may seem when his previous exploits are remembered, Mr. Wells sees the obvious possibilities of the food he has imagined, but little more. The bizarre note that would have redeemed his novel is missing, and it remains bland—and childlike. True, he endeavours to lift it out of the ruck by treating the sociological results of planting a Brobdingnag in the midst of Lilliput, and by the suggestion of allegory, but the device avails him little. The fantastic is wanting, and nothing but the fantastic could make it a success. Mr. Wells has done, and can do, very much better than this.

"THE BRETHREN."

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.
(Cassell. 6s.)

When the happy time shall dawn for our Universities to give instruction in the art and practice of making books, we feel sure that competition for the services of Mr. Rider Haggard as Professor of Romantic Fiction will be great indeed. There is something so certain, so deft, about his handling of the tricky and awkward tools which have been invented for man's entertainment that he causes even an enthusiastic critic, practised in the use of the bludgeon, to wait awhile and consider. Almost the first thing he teaches us is that what Romance has done, Romance can do again. It may, for instance, bring Saladin to life. If you want to ascertain the most effective way of working such a miracle in this sophisticated age, read "The Brethren." Its complications are worked out in the very best professional style. The men are built upon a familiar pattern: the trusty twins, six feet high, in love with the magnificent Rosamund, who combines in one and the same personality the glamour of Eastern beauty and the subtle sweetness of a gentle English maiden—these give a splendid start. Connect with them in bewildering conflict the miserable knight Lozelle in all his falsity, the champion horses who serve the true and help to defeat the base, the miraculous escapes, the bloody struggles, and then, for pathetic interest, forget not the loyal sacrifices that shall at last turn sorrow into joy. With such ingredients, should it not be possible for the humblest pupil to turn out an exercise which will astonish the groundlings? But here we are in the hands of the Professor himself. And since, to crown all, we were neatly deceived by a preface into which we could read anything we pleased but the real drift of the narrative, with its dramatic accidents and its spirited climax, there can be no question as to the present book's success. Of its type, indeed, "The Brethren" must stand as an excellent example: we shall look forward to seeing it recommended as a text-book in many an imposing syllabus, for the story never flies into the dangerous realms of originality, its action never falters, and its morals are entirely beyond reproach.

"SOONER OR LATER."

By VIOLET HUNT.
(Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

It is the story, not merely of the seduction of a young lady by a married man of apparently middle-age, but of their *liaison* continued over a period of years. Gloomy, sordid, inexpressibly painful as such a story must be, it is, nevertheless, capable of being presented with the dignity, the impressiveness of tragedy. But Miss Hunt has not chosen so to tell the pitiful tale of Rose Newall and Robert Assheton. She has not given it the necessary isolation, but has preferred to surround the two central figures with a crowd of irrelevant people, to most of whom she gives titles, but who cannot really be accepted as typical of any portion of London society of the present day.



THE LATE MR. GEORGE GISSING,
WHOSE LAST WORK, "VERANILDA," IS REVIEWED ON
THIS PAGE.
Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Studies of Children. By John Hassall.



III.

ROMANTIC ROBERT: You said this was where the fairies danced!
DOMESTICATED DORA: So it is, only they've forgotten to clear up.

Plays and their Titles. By Cecil Aldin.



II.—“MERELY MARY ANN.”

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

A PROFESSOR OF
MENTAL PERCEPTION.

By CHARLES EDDY.



"HIS name is Karl Hechter," said Dora, "and he's really most unusual-looking."

"Does that mean handsome?" asked Milly Batterby.

"It would mean handsome in any other man; but to call him handsome would be as absurd as to call a goddess pretty."

"Oh!" said Milly.

"Of course, you can sneer! It's easy to sneer. But he's a genius, and you can say what you like."

"Is he young?"

"His age doesn't matter."

"Married?"

"Milly, don't be commonplace."

"Does he admire you?"

"In your sense of the word, no."

"I see; he thinks you have a mind," said Mrs. Batterby.

Dora Woodward gave her pretty head an impatient toss.

"If you don't mind, we will talk no more about him," said she.

"Oh, but I'm interested!" said her friend. "Do tell me. Please remember you've seen the man and I haven't."

"Well, if you really want to know about him, don't think anything vulgar," said Mrs. Woodward.

"I'll try," said Milly, humbly.

"I met him at the Schweizerhof in Lucerne. He was very lonely-looking and reserved. How we were drawn—I mean, how we first began to speak, I can't remember."

"It's so often like that," said Milly, dreamily.

"But I think it was one evening when the band was playing. The Baxters had gone out somewhere, and I was sitting alone. He drew near me and asked if I felt a draught."

"Did you?" asked Mrs. Batterby.

"I really forget," said Dora; "but we slipped into conversation, and I felt at once that he was no ordinary man. He spoke of himself rather sadly, as if he lived apart from others. He said he was giving his brain a rest, but he had found no one with whom he could talk."

Milly composed her features.

"I was a little lonely, too, you know, with Jack in India, and he was so delicate in all he said."

"How nice!" murmured her friend.

"After that night we talked a good deal."

"Did the Baxters like him?"

"Oh, the Baxters!" said Dora, with weary contempt. "They were always going up the Rigi or tearing about in steamers. You know the people."

"Mere tourists," said Milly.

"That sort of thing. Packing in a train up Pilatus, just to say they'd done it. Karl——"

"Karl?" said Milly, raising her eyebrows.

"You don't understand. I tell you he isn't an ordinary man at all. He won't be called Herr, or Mr., or Professor——"

"Is he a Professor?"

"Oh, yes! I believe he has lots of titles of that sort; but he is absolutely without vanity or littleness of any kind. He says that names are merely distinguishing marks, and to call everybody Mr. or Mrs. is pandering to——"

"What did he call you?" asked Mrs. Batterby, in sudden interest.

"He called me nothing at first, and then—friend."

"Like a Quaker," said Milly.

"He begged me to call him just Karl Hechter; and so I did. And, of course, if one does that, one insensibly drops the Hechter now and then."

"Do you think Jack would like it?"

"Jack knows me too well to think anything unworthy. And, besides, he—he——"

"Isn't here."

"Milly!" said Dora, coldly.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" said Mrs. Batterby, hastily. "Do tell me some more."

"I want to think of you as my friend, if possible," said Mrs. Woodward.

"Dora, that's unkind. After all we've done for each other, there's no room for nonsense between us."

"Of course, of course there isn't!" said the other, somewhat hastily. "But don't think it's like—anything else. He's too great—too big——"

"How big is he?"

"I don't mean big like that. Really, Milly, you're very aggravating. But our intercourse——"

I know it sounds silly—was on a different plane altogether: mental, you know."

"Mental?"

"He's a Professor of Acroamatism."

"What?" cried Milly, in surprise.

"Of course, you won't understand that. That's the difficulty he has, to make common people understand him."

"So I'm common now, am I?" said Mrs. Batterby.

"I don't mean common—I mean ordinary."

"That's worse."

"It's really Mental Perception."

"Oh!"

"Yes," said Dora. "It's very wonderful. He has found out how to work on people's minds, to stimulate their brains, to make dull people bright, heavy people alert, stupid people wise."

"That sounds all right," said Milly; "but it would be no use to us, would it?"

"Of course, I see what you mean," said Mrs. Woodward, in a manner that was evidently borrowed from the Professor. "But he can attain higher results if he starts from a higher plane."

"You mean that he can make nice, bright, witty people like—well, we'll name no names—still brighter, and so on?"

"Yes," said Dora. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Has he done you?"

"Many times," said Mrs. Woodward, incautiously.

"Well," said Milly; "really, I don't want to be rude, but——"

"Oh, it wears off!" replied the other, without irritation. "He can only impart it for a few hours—for an evening. He puts his brain into yours, he gives you some of his own mind, he imparts a little of his own cerebral brilliance which vivifies the subject for the time. But, of course, like any artificial fire or light, it burns out and leaves the original brain-pan in its neglected, normal state."

"If he says all that——," said Mrs. Batterby, looking whimsically at her friend.

"More, much more," interrupted Dora, with quiet enthusiasm.

"——all I can say is that he must be a very modest young man."

"Sneers, idle sneers," said Dora Woodward, sadly.

"How many can he do at once?" asked Milly, after a pause in which she made no attempt to defend herself.

"Only one, and he is very exhausted after it. He requires much rest and refreshment."

"Does he drink?"

"No, no, Milly; his rest is merely inactivity, his refreshment is the air."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Batterby. "Then I suppose the hotel people took him on lower terms?"

"Let us talk about hats or frocks, or something that you can understand," said Dora Woodward, with a patient air. "Karl Hechter is used to being misunderstood. All scientific pioneers have had to put up with the same thing. If he had lived in the Middle Ages he would have been cast into prison."

"They're putting the Bond Street pioneers into prison now," said Milly.

"They are poor charlatans, that's all," said Dora.

"What does he charge for doing this?"

"Milly!" said Dora, with a shudder; "he's not a palmist. It's very difficult to get him to do it at all. But, if one is a likely subject

and he thinks he can advance his researches, his fee is a mere five guineas. And that is only to recoup his cerebral waste."

"He ought to get a lot of air for that," said Milly Batterby. "But I should like to try him, just for fun."

"It would be useless to approach him in that spirit. By his discoveries he hopes in time to strengthen the mental activity of the world and to go down to posterity as the benefactor of the age."

"As I said before, he's too modest," said Mrs. Batterby, rising to go. "But seeing's believing. I'm coming to dine with you next Tuesday. Fix me up an appointment with the air-swallower for the same afternoon, and then we can see if I take the shine out of you in the evening."

Dora Woodward smiled.

"What a way to put it, Milly! If it weren't you, I should be cross. But I'll ask Karl Hechter and let you know. Then you'll owe me an apology."

"I'll pay you if it all comes off."

Karl Hechter called upon Mrs. Batterby by arrangement. He had no mystic den of his own. He required no appliances and he promised no results.

"I assure you I had great difficulty in persuading him" (wrote Dora Woodward), "especially as he is dining here the same night. But he has done it to please me, and he hopes, by lying in his room on a trestle for a couple of hours afterwards, with the doors and windows open, to recover sufficiently. Please be careful not to wound him."

Milly met the man in the drawing-room with some curiosity. He was a fleshy German, evidently not yet thirty, with dark hair and eyes and a sallow skin. He showed a little too much neck to be quite pleasant, and he had big hands with white, adroit-looking fingers. He wore an odd, clerical coat, and carried a soft black hat.

"I have come," said he, throwing his head back. The foreign accent was not very marked.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked.

"Presently," said he, fixing his dark eyes upon her with intentness. "You do not believe in my discovery?" said he. His tones were deep and not unmusical.

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"Never mind," said he, with a dismissing wave of his arm. He swept the limb out straight, as though to put such a trifle in the remote distance. "This room is large and too—too frivolous," said he. "Have you no smaller apartment?"

"There's my own room," said she. "It's smaller, but I'm afraid it's just as frivolous."

"We will go there," said he, moving to the door. He did not open it for her, nor did he stand aside for her to pass. She had to walk round him and open it for herself. He was evidently far removed from all ordinary customs.

"It's upstairs," said she.

"Lead—I will follow."

Milly Batterby, a little impressed by this strange behaviour in spite of herself, preceded him to her snugery. He followed and shut the door.

"Too light," said he; "no air."

"I'd have had a room built if I'd known," said she.

"Let there be no levity, I beg."

"Oh, I'm very sorry!" she was quick to reply.

He made no comment, but, raising his two hands, with his elbows wide extended, pressed his temples.

"Sit in the middle of the room," said he, "in that chair." He pointed to a comfortable lounge. As he made no movement to place it, she fetched it herself and sat down.

He walked to the windows and opened them wide, then pulled down the blinds.

"Compose your mind," said he, fixing his eyes upon her, and standing a yard away, with his hands behind him.

"With pleasure," said she.

The Professor frowned slightly, and she looked instantly serious.

"You are a woman of some intelligence—"

"Thank you," she murmured.

"—with a leaning to flippancy. You wish to be bright and sparkle? You would like people to admire your wit?"

"Yes, please," said Milly. As she glanced up at him, she was struck with something familiar in his appearance.

"I believe I've seen him before somewhere," she said to herself.

He came and stood behind her and put both hands lightly upon her hair, gradually pressing them down until they rested upon her head. Her instant thought was for her coiffure, which he seemed to divine.

"Never mind your hair," said he; "think of nothing."

"I'll try, but it's difficult."

"Close your eyes."

He spoke in a hushed voice, and Mrs. Batterby obeyed. There was dead silence, and, after thinking for a minute or so, she realised that the touch of his hands was giving her the creeps.

"Oh!" she said presently, with a start, for it broke suddenly upon her that she had dozed. "Have I been asleep?"

"It is over," said he, removing his hands from her head.

She jumped up and looked at herself in the glass.

"My hair!" she cried, for it was all ruffled.

"It is nothing," said he. "Sit down."

With deft fingers he rearranged it.

"It is beautiful hair," said Karl Hechter. "Do all you can to preserve its present brightness. Look again."

"How clever of you!" said Milly, surveying herself. "That's a gift, anyhow. May I pull up the blinds?"

"Yes," said he, and sank into her chair with a weary air.

In the freshly lighted room she turned to look at him. His head was bowed on his chest and he breathed as though exhausted.

"Would you like anything?" she asked, with some anxiety.

"Only air," he replied, in sombre tones.

Milly repressed a desire to titter.

"To-night," said he, presently, "do not think of what you shall say. Let your words come as they will. Be careful not to repress yourself, but give your brain free play."

"Thank you," said she.

"When I have gone"—he spoke as though it were almost a



[DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.]

AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.

calamity—"compose yourself for an hour's sleep, and excite yourself as little as possible before you start for the festivity."

"We are to meet to-night, Mr.—Professor—," she began.

"I am a Prelector," said he; "but I prefer to be known as—Karl Hechter." He spoke proudly. Then he took the fee which she proffered with some awkwardness, looked full in her eyes, and, without another word, departed.

"I wish I could remember where I've seen him before," thought Milly Batterby, ruminating on the interview. "I know him as well as possible."

She puckered her eyebrows and frowned at the impotence of her memory. Then she glanced at a mirror and noted with satisfaction how well the few touches that the German had given to her hair became her.

"It's a pity he isn't a——" Her reflections came to a dead stop.

"Oh!" she cried, aloud; "that's where it was, of course! Oh, how too ridiculous!" She threw herself back in her chair and laughed till the tears came to her eyes. "Poor Dora!" she sighed, at the finish.

As Milly Batterby drove with her husband to Dora Woodward's flat, she was full of a scheme she had formed for the checkmating of the Professor. Of course, he was an impostor, a charlatan, the veriest rogue.

She had found him out. She remembered him now distinctly as one of the assistants at Boofits', the hairdressers, and perhaps, for all she knew, he was there still, merely masquerading in his holidays.

But it behoved her to save her old friend from his clutches, and she thought she could see her way to do it without any fuss. She would find an opportunity to tell him that she knew, and warn him to go away, on pain of exposure. If he refused, she would have to tell Dora, and perhaps Jim, and between them they could surely manage him. At the dinner-table she was placed near Karl Hechter—who was evidently not on air-diet for that occasion—and she watched him with a detecting eye. Usually talkative and bright, she disappointed everybody by her silence; but she was determined that the nasty hairdresser should get no further credit with Dora for his supposed powers. The glances that she threw at the German were returned by him, and, from the smug rolling of his eyes, it was evident that he did not suspect her meaning.

"He thinks he's good-looking," she reflected, with some disgust; but, as it would not do to alarm him beforehand, she was careful not to look too severe.

In the drawing-room, when the others had settled to bridge, she found her opportunity. Karl Hechter came to her with a melancholy longing in his big dark eyes.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "Will you come to the balcony?"

He bowed, with a languishing look, as he followed, for he was mentally numbering her among his conquests. She led him to a tiny conservatory, with canvas hangings which served the double purpose of keeping it cool and select.

"I know your secret," said she, facing him as soon as they were secure from observation.

"I guessed it," said he, with a sigh.

"You guessed it?"

"Yes, I guessed it. And may I hope?"

"It depends on your behaviour," said she, severely.

"I will do all that you command." He bowed low. It was evidently going to be much easier than she had expected.

"Then leave the house without a word to anyone, and promise me never to speak to Dora Woodward again."

"Ah, but she is too good and charming!" He rolled his eyes at her.

"Will you do as I say?" she said, peremptorily.

"There is nothing between us, I assure you."

"I insist upon it!"

"Very well, dear lady. Anything to please you." His impudence was consummate.

"Good," said she, relaxing with her victory. "In that case you may hope, if it is done at once."

"But it is nothing!" he cried, fervently; "nothing compared to a smile from you."

Before she could stop him, he seized her hand and kissed it. She snatched it away in sudden anger; but, at that moment, the canvas hangings were thrown aside and Dora's flaming visage appeared in the opening. In that supreme instant Karl Hechter lost his courage.

"Dear friend," he stammered, "it is quite innocent."

"How dare you say that!" cried Milly.

"Mrs. Batterby does not wish to be called innocent," said Dora, in cutting tones.

"This is a plot against me," groaned the Professor.

"I had threatened to expose him," said Milly.

"Was that why he kissed your hand?" inquired Dora.

The hairdresser's face expressed some bewilderment, but just then matters were further complicated by Jim Batterby happening to stroll in.

"Hallo!" said he. "What's the matter?"

Mrs. Woodward was too enraged to care what she said.

"I've just caught Mr. Hechter kissing your wife's hand," she snapped, venomously.

"What!" said he.

"I can only apologise," murmured the Professor.

"Dora!" cried Milly. "He was doing it out of gratitude."

"Gratitude!" gasped the hairdresser.

"Gratitude!" sneered Dora.

"Gratitude!" said Jim.

"Yes; I had discovered his secret," said Milly, as calmly as she could, but feeling very flurried. "I wanted to let him off for your sake, Dora."

"Thank you," said her friend, sarcastically.

"What about me?" asked Jim.

"But now I must tell you," said she.

"No, no!" cried the Professor. "I deny it. There was nothing between us."

"He is not a Professor, nor a Prelector, nor anything. He is an impostor, a humbug. He is a hairdresser's assistant."

"You say that! You say that!" exclaimed Karl Hechter. "After you had told me to love you." He was too astonished to choose his words.

"Told you to love me!" cried Milly, in wrathful surprise.

"I certainly saw him kissing your hand," observed Dora.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Batterby.

"Oh, the other thing!" ejaculated Jim.

"It is all a wretched mistake," said Milly, looking from one to the other in a rueful state, as she gathered a glimmering of the truth.

"Dora!" she pleaded. But her friend turned away. "Jim!" Her husband avoided her eye. "Mr. Hechter," said she, in despair, "be a man and clear me!"

But the hairdresser's tails were disappearing from the balcony. He had deemed it prudent to fly.

"Oh!" cried Milly. "Who could have believed it!"

"I couldn't," said Dora.

"Nor I," said Jim.

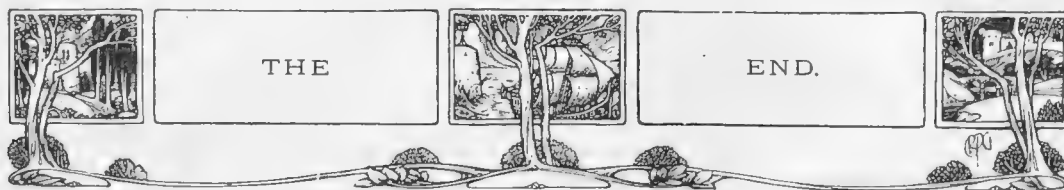
"I shall go home," said Mrs. Batterby, resuming her dignity. "You can think what you like."

As she drove away by herself, in a towering rage, she resolved bitterly that she would never try to help anyone again. But Dora Woodward cut her in future, and she had to humble herself to an aggravating extent before she could get Jim to give even a reluctant credit to her story.

"Don't do it again," said he, "anyhow."

"My dearest friend can run away with a murderer before I'll move a finger," said Milly.

And she certainly meant it.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WITH Mr. Henry Arthur Jones represented at the Garrick and Mr. Sydney Grundy at the St. James's, the season receives its finishing note of distinction at Wyndham's this evening by the addition of the name of Mr. Arthur W. Pinero as the author of the "comedy in disguise," "A Wife Without a Smile." Incidentally, the bills furnish an interesting commentary on the way in which many theatres are run nowadays. It is announced that the lessee is Sir Charles Wyndham, the theatre is under the management of Mr. Frank Curzon, and the season is under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh. In some cases the number of people between the actual owner of the house and the real occupant is very much greater than in this case.

The Intellectual Theatre of London. That is what the Court is to become if the enterprise of Mr. J. E. Vedrenne can make it so, and his success in the past has been so great that there is every reason for anticipating an equal success in the future. As *Sketch* readers are aware, Mr. Vedrenne's season begins next Tuesday, Oct. 18, with the "Hippolytus" of Euripides, to be followed by Mr. Bernard Shaw's new and unpublished play, "John Bull's Other Island," which will be succeeded by a Maeterlinck play, and so on. After Christmas the season will be conspicuous for the production of plays by the leaders of foreign dramatic art, including Brieux, Björnson, and possibly Ibsen, in addition to pieces by English authors. Each play will, at first, be limited to six matinée performances, given three in each week for a fortnight, though it is scarcely probable that, if there is a great demand on the part of the public to witness them, further opportunities will not be provided to satisfy the desire.

Mrs. Tom Kelly, whose "The Master of Kingsgift" is to be produced at the Avenue next Monday evening, is the author of that history of the Crimea which made one critic declare "she had done for the Navy what Kinglake did for the Army." She has, however, by no means confined her work to history, as readers of novels and magazines are aware, and in the former category her "A Leddy in Her Ain Richt" will probably be best remembered. "The Master of Kingsgift" is a real historical play, for chapter and verse can be found in the contemporary records for all its incidents. These cluster around the last Royalist rising, which was to have taken place at Chester, and introduce the measures taken by Parliament to quell it. The "inevitable duels" have been arranged by M. Bertrand, and will be gallantly fought by the actors, conspicuous among whom, in addition to Mr. Frank Cooper, whose name has been already mentioned, are Mr. Conway Tearle, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and Miss Dora Barton.

The reappearance of Miss Marie Tempest, which has been more or less expected and paragoned since her return from America, will not

now be unduly delayed. Since even the most successful plays must come to an end at some time or other, "The Duke of Killicrankie" will have to yield precedence to "Mademoiselle Suzanne," whose freedom forms the basis of the play. As *Sketch* readers are aware, the piece, whose title in set terms is "The Freedom of Suzanne," has been provided by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, who, when he acts, is known as Mr. Cosmo Stuart.

Undeterred by the fate of "The Golden Light" which failed, Mrs. Brown-Potter's determination to re-enter the field of management has evoked many good wishes, for there is nothing the world

admires so much as pluck, especially when the fight is started against adverse fortune and the fighter is a woman. Her new bill, consisting of Mr. Herman Merivale's well-known and well-tryed "Forget-Me-Not" and an English version of "Cavalleria Rusticana," will be produced on Saturday evening, and among the members of her Company will be Mr. Fred Kerr, who will play Sir Horace Welby, the part "created" by the late John Clayton, and acted hundreds, if not thousands, of times by Mr. W. H. Vernon in association with Miss Geneviève Ward, the original representative of the Marquise Stephanie de Moirivart.

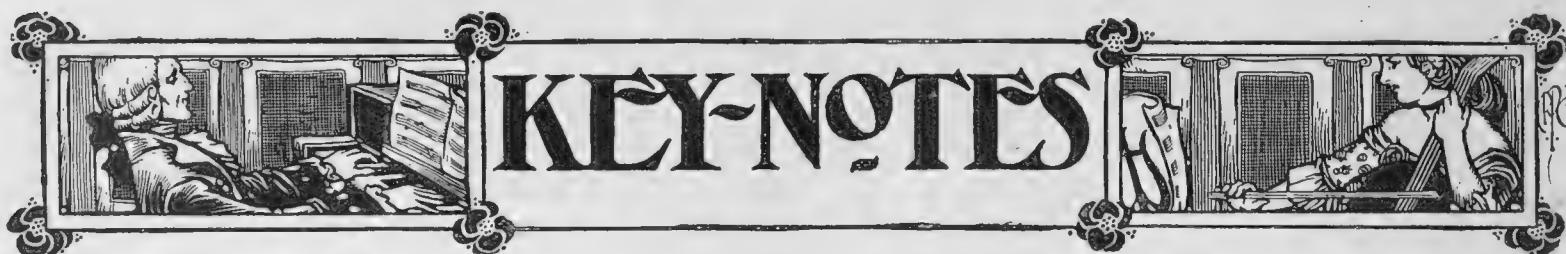
The version of "Cavalleria Rusticana" which Mrs. Brown-Potter uses is different from the modern play as we know it through the acting of Signora Duse. It was really prepared by the great Salvini for the use of his son, the late Alexander Salvini, who acted it in America. The date is thrown back a hundred years, so that it is to all intents and purposes a costume-play, offering an opportunity for the display of characteristic dresses in beautiful colours though of humble material. One of the incidents in the play is a fight with knives between the two men.

It requires no clairvoyant gift to see so far into the future as next Tuesday afternoon in order to foretell that a great audience will crowd the New Theatre to give what an Irishman might be forgiven for calling a welcome to Sir Charles Wyndham on his departure for America. To welcome one's departure might, perhaps, be regarded as a doubtful compliment were not Sir Charles's brilliant gifts so universally recognised as to make the phrase perfectly free from this construction. A splendid reception, too, awaits him on "the other side" on his appearance as the ever-attractive David Garrick, and the thought will help to rob a touching farewell of something of its poignancy. While London loses the opportunity of many delightful evenings in the contemplation of the art of one of the most finished actors of the time, it must be remembered that America is getting back something to which it is entitled, for a certain portion of Sir Charles's stage novitiate was spent there, when he acted with John Wilkes Booth, a brother of the late Edwin Booth, who might, without hesitation, be said to have been to the American stage what David Garrick was to the English.



"LITTLE MARY" II. : MISS HILDA TREVELYAN, WHO IS PLAYING MISS NINA BOUCICAULT'S PART IN MR. JOHN HARE'S "LITTLE MARY" COMPANY ON TOUR.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.



MADAME MEALY,
THE PARISIAN CHANTEUSE NOW
APPEARING WITH VERY GREAT
SUCCESS AT THE PALACE THEATRE.
Photograph by Watery, Paris.

bass side; on the other hand, in the gallery, which is circular in form, no such disproportion was to be found. As has been said, it is the shape of the Town Hall which is largely responsible for the disproportions which have made so many criticisms rather curious reading. It had been said that some time or another a concert-hall of perfect acoustics would grow up in the town; the same thing also had been said of the Sheffield Town Hall; but conservatism in musical things is one of the most treasured policies of the North, and it is likely that no particular change will be made for some time.

With this preamble, the present writer will definitely assert that, according to his critical judgment, the Leeds Choir of this year is upon as great a level as any within his experience, and that is saying a great deal. Take the performance of "Elijah," for example. Here the Chorus was so magnificent, so utterly full in its vocal production of pure and absolute beauty, that it would seem as though such a perfection was reached that comparisons with the work of former years were more or less otiose; not that former years need necessarily be stated as not reaching occasionally such a level, but it would be simply absurd to make the comparison.

As to the soloists on the occasion of the production of "Elijah," Mr. Andrew Black, in the part of the Prophet, was in literally magnificent form. His splendid and thrilling voice, with its rounded notes and clear, bell-like simplicity, combined with his intense dramatic reading, made one almost feel that Elijah had grown young again. Mr. Ben Davies

THE last of the great Festivals of the year took place during the last week at Leeds, and proved in every way to be a very great success. In dealing with Leeds, one's first point of action in criticism is the Chorus. Until the first Sheffield Festival, some years ago, it was generally acknowledged that the Leeds Chorus was not anywhere to be surpassed in any part of England, and that, one would say, implied in any part of the world. But on the occasion of the first Sheffield Festival there was something so peculiarly magnificent in the Choral tone, something so extraordinarily enthusiastic about the singing of every individual player, that the same sort of praise was applied to Sheffield in comparison with Leeds as that which was applied to David in comparison with Saul: "Saul hath killed his thousands: but David has killed his tens of thousands." The point then arose which of the two great Yorkshire towns was finally to win in the great musical rivalry which had been set up. The verdict, of course, cannot be very definitely given as yet; but at all events it would be extremely hard to say that the Leeds Chorus of this year has not taken the first place. There have been a few grumbings, a very few, in which one has heard that in this place the soprani were too overwhelming, and in another, let us say, that the basses ran out of proportion to the rest of the Choir. Much, however, of this kind of criticism must be attributed to the fact that the formation of the Town Hall in Leeds makes the greater bulk of the seats on the ground-floor lean either towards the soprano side or the

seemed occasionally to be just a trifle unrestrained, but, again, his singing of "If with all your Hearts" was a magnificent piece of work, and if at any time there was any deflection, or rather, over-enthusiasm, it may be attributed to a quite unconscious surrender to the passion of the moment. Miss Gleeson White and Miss Muriel Foster, as, respectively, soprano and contralto, sang well enough, but at times with far too intense an exaggeration, Miss Foster in particular seeming to prove that it is in more modern work that she achieves her greatest triumphs. Miss Agnes Nicholls took the soprano in the second portion of the work, not without a considerable amount of brilliance.

Among the novelties must be reckoned Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "The Witch's Daughter." Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the work was up to the level of Sir Alexander's best productions. It gave one the impression that he was striving after the big things that had been heard in the newer days, rather than trying absolutely, once and for all, to produce his own original personality. At times, too, one was bound to think that the work sounded like the work of a man who was a little tired when he wrote it. Certainly one would consider that to Sir Alexander, by the public work which he does, and by the very strenuous musical life which once more in public he leads, there must come moments when, especially with an official subject, he cannot, with all his fine skill and all his technical resources, summon for his purpose inspiration from the vasty deep. The solo parts were taken by Madame Sobrino and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, who seemed obviously out of sympathy with the work that they had to do; Madame Sobrino especially has never in my experience sung with so half-hearted an interest in her work. It was followed by Brahms's Concerto in D Major for Violin and Orchestra (Op. 77), and the solo part was played by Mr. Fritz Kreisler with such magnificence that the whole audience at the end seemed to rise at him. It was certainly a wonderful piece of work, and was followed by Sir Edward Elgar's new Overture, "In the South"; Elgar had a tremendous reception, and the Overture was played almost to perfection.

Thursday morning saw very excellent performances of Brahms's "Song of Destiny," Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," and Parry's "The Voices of Them that Cry," a somewhat gloomy combination of works. Two new works were produced on Thursday evening, one Dr. Walford Davies's "Everyman," the other Mr. Josef Holbrooke's Poem for Orchestra and Chorus, entitled "Queen Mab." The whole Festival practically closed with the performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend," a work which was produced for the first time many years ago at the Leeds Festival under the baton of Sir Arthur himself. On that occasion Sullivan was the recipient of an enormous ovation and a universal chorus of enthusiasm.

COMMON CHORD.



MR. ANDREW BLACK.



MADAME SOBRINO.

TWO LEADING SINGERS AT THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



The Blackpool Trials—A Terrible Adventure—Dogs—Goggles.

BLACKPOOL, that artificially created watering-place beloved of all lads and lassies in Lancashire, is not content to allow Southport the sole glory of motor speed-trials on her asphalted front. Southport as a seaside resort tosses her head and stiffens her back at any comparison with Blackpool, but Blackpool is just going to show her shore-side sister that motor speed-trials will draw bigger crowds at Blackpool than ever they did at Southport. And I think they will, though the officials charged with the compilation of the programme should spare no effort to pit cars of known equality against each other as much as possible. Although the cars will actually compete on the watch in the speed-trials, there is little to interest the average public unless the various competitions wear the outward semblance of racing. The crowd will cheer two slow cars finishing neck-and-neck to the very echo, while they will accord a far lesser volume of applause to a very fast performance in which the beaten car is a hundred yards or so to the bad.

At the Blackpool trials, motor-cycles will compete in two classes, differentiated by total weight alone, touring-cars in five classes, differentiated by prices, and racing-cars differentiated again by weight. I am told that the Esplanade, which will form the speed-course, is a long way ahead of the Front devoted to the same purpose at Southport, as for a distance sufficient to give a flying take-off and plenty of stopping the course will be perfectly straight. The events for the whole nine classes will be a flying kilometre and a standing mile, and it is to the results of the latter event that I would recommend the closer attention of prospective purchasers. The comparative times of the standing mile give a good idea of the cars' qualities in picking up.

It is really astonishing what shocks and buffets the well-built modern car will stand without sustaining much damage. Towards the end of last week I was shown a 24 horse-power De Dietrich at the premises of the Burlington Carriage Company in Oxford which had come nearly scathless out of a most terrible adventure. The car is the property of Captain Fowler, who was staying lately at Lord Fitzwilliam's place in Essex, and Captain Fowler's mechanic had instructions to convey Lord Marcus Beresford to Newmarket and then drive on to London. Lord Marcus was safely set down at that town, and the mechanic continued on his road to London. When about two miles this side of Loughton, and driving in the dark, the car-lamps suddenly showed up a hay-waggon, drawn by two horses, occupying the centre and very nearly the whole width of the road. On the left was a steep and almost perpendicular bank, while the right-hand side of the highway was bounded by a very low bank, surmounted by a sparsely grown hedge with stout young trees at intervals. The driver of the De Dietrich had but a flash in which to make up his mind, and at once took the low bank, hoping to surmount it and find himself in a field at about the same level as the road. But his feelings, if he had time to feel, may be more easily imagined than described when he found the car, after cutting down one of the young trees as it took the bank, plunging, like the Gadarene swine, down a steep place, on a slope of about sixty feet in height and like a railway-cutting for

precipitousness, and bringing up on all four wheels in a kind of stony-bottomed donga. The driver was absolutely unhurt, and all the injury this staunch car sustained was a bent spring, the loss of a canopy stanchion, and a twisted steering-rod. After the latter had been straightened, the plucky but somewhat shaken driver drove the car on up to town.

I yield to no one in my whole-hearted affection for dogs, but the indictment lately preferred by the Chairman of the National Canine Defence League is altogether too sweeping. I have never known or even heard of a case of a motorist wilfully running over any dog, although I have several personal friends who have run considerable risk and done more than a little damage to their cars and tyres by seeking to avoid the friend of man when the poor, deluded chap has considered it his heaven mission to bury his teeth in one's front-tyres.

That Mr. E. Pirkis ever heard a motorist glory in and make a boast of running over a dog—why, the thing's absurd. The editor of the *Automobile Club Journal*, in rebutting the hysterically framed charges preferred by Mr. Pirkis, remarks very properly, "Which is the better friend to the dog, the master who breaks the law by letting him imperil his life running on the road without control, or the motorist who, well knowing the danger, risks his car and his own life to avoid hurting the dog?" Time and again I have seen dog-owners gleefully grinning at the annoyance their yapping pets were giving me by prancing stupidly around my steering-wheels. The



THE "HANDY MAN" AGAIN: JACK TAR DRIVING A MOTOR LAWN-MOWER AT WHALE ISLAND.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

dogs killed daily by horse-drawn vehicles are as legion compared with the number that come to their end by motors, and yet we do not find Mr. Pirkis or anybody else raising a perversive hullabaloo in the Press as to the brutality of horse-drivers.

With the cold weather at hand, it is most essential that automobilists of both sexes should provide themselves with good goggles. Your doctor will tell you that the impact of the chilly air upon the unprotected cornea, when driving at speed, is likely to set up great and, maybe, permanent trouble. I know that ladies shy at the unbecoming appearance of these necessities; but they are only worn on the car, and really one gets but the merest glimpse of the prettiest woman as she is swirled by—and, indeed, hardly that, seeing that, as a rule, she binds her hair and her face in semi-opaque veils. But veils are no protection to the eyes, and light, protective goggles can be very well worn under them. For the mere man thing, care should be taken that the goggles fit closely all round the eye-cavity, for the draught which eddies up under bad-fitting glasses is nearly as harmful as the direct impact of the wind itself. Notwithstanding, only goggles which are properly ventilated should be taken, and, in this connection, one may mention that Dunhill's have just put some excellent goggles on the market. These have the frames and slides made in unflammable horn and edged to bear on the face with chenille, which makes a sufficiently air-tight joint. Properly ventilated but, nevertheless, draught-proof goggles will not fog.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Newmarket—The Cesarewitch—New Owners.

AS the King and the Prince of Wales are at Newmarket this week, Society is well represented in the Turf Metropolis, and the townspeople welcome the presence of their Sovereign, as it means an impetus to trade, which has been terribly bad for the last two or three years. Thanks to the improvement in the local railway service, many of the professionals are easily able to do the Newmarket meetings from town, but the nobility and gentry stay on the spot during the week, which means money for the local tradesmen. There has been a big slump in house property in Newmarket, but owners are looking forward to better times, and now that His Majesty owns a house in the place it is safe to predict that many of the millionaires, at any rate, will follow suit. It is a sign of the times to see the number of tasty motor-cars careering between the town and the racecourse, and it is remarkable, though true, that the racehorses take no notice of the passing of the horseless carriages. Indeed, all the swagger trainers at headquarters own either motor-cars or motor-bikes.

Many of the old-fashioned sports consider the Cesarewitch to be the finest race of the year to watch, but I do not think it is a patch on either the Great Metropolitan or the Chester Cup, and a straight-away race at any time is not half as interesting to the public as one run on a round course. However, the race for the Cesarewitch always draws a big crowd and it is generally an interesting contest. There will be a big field on the present occasion and the winner may take some finding. Perhaps the first favourite at flag-fall will as nearly as possible win, but it is difficult to say what will be favourite. I cannot fancy Dean Swift on his looks, yet there are men of experience who think he cannot be beaten. I like the chance of Foundling, who ran a respectable fourth to Rock Sand. He has had a searching preparation, and, in the words of a Newmarket tout, could be backed to stay as long as a woman in a bonnet-shop. Saltpetre, who has been scratched, I thought likely to go close, and St. Patrick's Day is bound to be there or thereabouts. However, I am told that the best of the Netheravon horses, Lapsang or Lord Rossmore, will win, and I shall couple the selected with Foundling in my search for the winner. The Middle Park Plate should attract a big field, and, as Cicero is not entered, the race looks good for Polymelus, trained by Porter.

The popularity of the Turf is never likely to wane as long as the members of our old nobility patronise it, and it is pleasant to know that the new recruits possess time-honoured names. Lord Dalmeny is very fond of racing, and I believe his Lordship's colours will be seen on the racecourse in the near future. Lord Westbury has a useful string of horses in training, and the new Lord Alington, who is very partial to the sport, will be running some horses presently. Lord Hastings is, it is said, likely to become a patron of racing, and Earl Fitzwilliam has already several animals in training. Lord Sefton, seemingly, favours the jumping business, and I am told that the Duke of Westminster prefers steeplechasing to flat-racing, although he is one of the shareholders in Kingsclere, Limited. A new-comer to the Turf is Captain Wyndham, who trains in R. Sherwood's stable, and yet another recruit to the ranks of owners is Mr. Cuthbert Wilkinson, a well-known sporting journalist and newspaper-proprietor. Some of the City millionaire owners have cooled off the sport of late; but, luckily, there are others, and the prospects for the future are rosy in the extreme. Many of the old-fashioned trainers are fast qualifying for retirement, and the same may be said of the "ancients" among the jockeys, but there is plenty of young blood ready to take up the thread of the story.

CAPTAIN COE.



MISS EDNA ARNOLD
(DAUGHTER OF MR. CHARLES ARNOLD, THE WELL-KNOWN
ACTOR) AND HER FIRST-CLASS WICKET-KEEPER.

Few little ladies have seen so much of life in many countries as Miss Edna Arnold. Not so very long ago she appeared at the Strand Theatre in "An Empty Stocking," a one-Act piece by Fred Wright junior, and since then she has travelled with her father in South Africa and Australia; indeed, Mr. Charles Arnold's Company was in South Africa playing "What Happened to Jones" at the time of the outbreak of the Boer War, and in a photograph then published by *The Sketch* Miss Edna occupied a prominent place. Miss Arnold is also a cricketer of no mean prowess, and, though she has not yet figured in an All England or Australian representative eleven, she and her little dog can "put up" a good game. Miss Edna shines with the bat, and her little dog, though unable to emulate her in this particular, is a splendid wicket-keeper, while he has been so carefully trained in the rudiments of the game by his mistress that as slip, point, cover-point, or anywhere in the field, he is hard to beat.



THE OLD BERKELEY (WEST) FOXHOUNDS: MR. R. LEADBETTER (THE MASTER) AND THE PACK AT HAMPDEN, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Photograph by J. T. Newman. Berkhamsted.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT there are many and more tragedies than thrills in this restless existence of ours no one can deny who has lived.

Given all the predicaments and situations in which one can possibly find oneself, however, I question if any annoyance can reach the climax of that which confronts the woman who has let her house furnished and returns to it after six or twelve months' absence. Several amongst one's acquaintances are at present in the throes of all the emotions that such happenings provoke—rage and despair alternating with despair and rage, and a thirst for the late tenant's life-blood thrown in to fill the cup. Carpets stained, curtains inked, cushions soiled, cherished Chippendale scratched, uncleanness everywhere, neglect writ large within and without—was there ever such a vanity as letting one's house furnished to the inconsequent stranger!

The dazzling bait of a high rent and the opportunity of six months abroad that erstwhile tempted one to desert these four walls and all the household Penates are as nothing (now they are over) while the besmirched and grimy present rises up to confront us. "But the law of compensation for dilapidations," murmurs a comforter in our ear. "Surely you can claim—" One can claim, indeed, but to ask in this instance is *not* to receive. One agent makes out a ridiculously inadequate list of injuries to life and limb, of furniture and effects. An opposing one as voluminously opposes his propositions. The battle rages languidly between these uninterested advocates until, in sheer despair, the enraged but helpless proprietor is worried and wearied into accepting a compromise which, perhaps, covers a ninety-ninth part of the damage done, and settles down to live as she may, with belongings and surroundings from which the bloom and first blush of freshness have departed for ever. One has been through it all, and the lamentations of friends but now recall a pristine period

must be prepared for the most vexatious type of mortal into whom the demon of destructiveness has, for the time being, visibly entered.

There is an old German proverb which prates about fame being "hard work forgotten," and certainly, if this pregnant phrase can be applied to the utilitarian issues of the trader, one would say that



AN ATTRACTIVE COSTUME IN BROWN.

of foolishness which one would rather not revive. The moral to be derived, however, is that she who lets her house furnished can never, like Abraham, hope to entertain angels unawares, but, on the contrary,



[Copyright.]

A USEFUL WALKING-COSTUME.

Robinson and Cleaver's great and growing business is an apt illustration of the legend. It is only a few years since this North of Ireland firm opened a branch house in Regent Street. An immediate and favourable reception on the part of the British public led to an early extension of trade and premises, departments for men's clothing, "within and without," as well as ornamental accessories of women's wardrobes, such as blouses, tea-gowns, and dainty lingerie, being added to the original *spécialité* of Irish household linen.

Now, again, a further advance and extension of trading is emphasised in the opening of handsome new premises, where every department of the feminine entourage is to be catered for in a most superior and highly finished manner. It is indeed pleasant to note that, in the midst of a general depression, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver are not only holding their own, but forging rapidly to the forefront rank of successful British merchants. The new premises will be as handsome as any in London.

Another industry greatly important, while of more intimately artistic intention, is that of the Parisian Diamond Company, whose success is equally due to initiative, enterprise, and excellent detail, as witness the thousand *objets d'art* yearly put forth by its skilled craftsmen. Always in the van of the new idea, the Parisian Diamond Company were the first jewellers to reintroduce the revived fashions of the pendant and the ear-ring, both forms of jewellery which had once, as now, been in universal favour, and then suffered from an eclipse of feminine favour for many years. The illustrations overleaf indicate the latest forms of both ornaments. Particularly beautiful are the outline

and design of the Louis Quatorze pendant which a miniature will complete, while various forms of the pendant ear-ring, which women in all times from the earliest have found enhancing to their beauty, is to be seen in many forms. The Parisian Diamond Company have lately



NEW DESIGNS BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

designed some new pearl collars which outrival all former effects, while the sheen and lustre of their pearls are unapproachable by any save the finest specimens of the real gem that the pearl-fisher wrests from the sea.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS (Cheltenham).—With regard to your inquiry, I have been asking for guidance in the matter of infantile food amongst the devoted mothers of my acquaintance, and am well assured by the owner of a numerous and thriving progeny that "Benger's Food" is the manna of this generation. It makes everything in the way of bone, muscle, and other necessities which the infant constitution demands and seems on all counts the very ambrosia of the nursery.

FRIVOLE (Melton).—There are some new knitted waistcoats which might suit your purpose and are uncommonly smart. They are lined, buttoned, bound, and made to measure, just like the men's. One in scarlet silk with white spots was good, and a white with orange pin-points also. Any good tailor will fit you out with a couple. The newest motor-veils are hem-stitched mousseline with fairly large spots. The shaded sorts did not catch on. Myself, I think the talc visor with silk hood and lace "fixins" the best, though the talc keeps knocking against one's face in a wind. However, this is counterbalanced by being able to see everything without looking hideous in goggles.

BONNIE SCOTLAND.—Yes, Cairo is smart, expensive, and overrun with English and Americans. It is a place you should not go to without good introductions, clothes for all occasions, and enough if you are staying the whole winter.—SYBIL.

"Paris in Pen and Picture," just published by Brentano, should receive a hearty welcome. The pictures are of large size and beautifully printed, each being faced by a short explanatory article. Mr. John N. Raphael, our Paris Correspondent, is responsible for the pen portion.

This handsome two-handled silver bowl was recently competed for by members of the new Le Touquet Golf Club. It bears the inscription "Société de Golf du Touquet Open Challenge Cup, presented by Walter Judd, Esq., 1904," and was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Oxford Street, W., and Regent Street, W.



A HANDSOME GOLF TROPHY.

THE SAD CASE OF HENRY CRISP.

The generosity of the members of the theatrical profession has become almost a proverb, and especially is this quality shown when an actor or actress falls on evil days. Hence it is practically certain that the appeal of the Editor of the *Era* on behalf of Mr. Henry Crisp will meet with a ready and liberal response. Mr. Crisp has been totally blind since last January, and, the funds at his command being very limited, it is necessary that the little that may be done to render such a sad affliction not absolutely intolerable should be done at once. Donations sent to Mr. Edward Ledger, 49, Wellington Street, W.C., will be gratefully acknowledged in the columns of the *Era*.

The season at Brighton has opened auspiciously, London-by-the-Sea having been favoured with much brilliant sunshine during the last few days. The admirable service of Pullman and other trains furnished by the L. B. and S. C. Railway has been resumed for the winter, and the hotels are prepared to welcome the usual large number of guests. In the latter respect, Brighton, as is well known, is unusually well provided. The Hôtel Métropole alone has accommodation for six hundred and fifty people, and nearly that number can be served at one time in the dining-rooms. These rooms, together with the drawing-room, smoking-room, and writing-room, are all on the ground-floor, and, with the lounge and the palm-garden, afford ample attraction and comfort even should the weather prevent the enjoyment of outdoor life—a very rare circumstance in Brighton, however.



THE HON. LILIAN NAPIER.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

Two weeks ago we published a portrait described erroneously as that of the Hon. Miss Napier, only daughter of Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala. The above is the correct portrait of that young lady, to whom our apologies are due.

Preferential treatment is the topic of the day, and no part of the British Empire is more deserving of such consideration than St. Vincent, so recently devastated by terrible volcanic eruptions. Hence arrangements have been made to endeavour to increase the demand in this country for the island's products, and Messrs. Leonard Hall and Co., of 132, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., have commenced this good work by importing the delicious honey for which the West Indian islands are famous. For the trifling sum of four-and-sixpence they will forward a case of six one-pound jars, carriage paid.

The Mayor of Leicester (Mr. Alderman Sawday) recently opened an important addition to the higher-class musical resources of the district, namely, the Victoria Hall and Galleries. The institution is the outcome of the efforts of Mr. Alderman J. Herbert Marshall, of Leicester, and Regent Street, London, who has practically devoted the whole of his leisure to the promotion of music. He was appointed by His Majesty the King Honorary Representative of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music, and is President of the Music Trades Association of Great Britain. Alderman Marshall also introduced to Europe and the Colonies the Angelus piano-player, which has brought him prominently before those interested in music in all quarters of the globe.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.

THE PUBLIC.

ON all hands it is admitted that business in the Stock Exchange has considerably improved this month. Compared with that of August and September, the volume of trade has become quite brisk, and the settlement this week is one of the heaviest that the House has had to tackle for a long while. The American Market is probably an easy first in the matter of large accounts, but the Kaffir Circus found that its position required much more adjustment than usual, and the contangoes of Saturday were indicative of a small increase on the bull side of the ring. How far the revival of trade in Kaffirs can be said to represent public interest we are not optimistic in guessing, but other parts of the House undoubtedly feel the steadying influence of outside orders. Money has again commenced to flow in the direction of Capel Court, and it is only a matter of time for the public demand, that now is mainly centred upon investment departments, to extend into the more speculative markets.

GILT-EDGED, THOUGH CHEAP.

In spite of the several new issues that are now with us, there is noticeable a tendency to search out gilt-edged investments that return $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. on the money, with a good possibility of a rise in capital value. Insurance Companies and similar concerns that have large floating sums to deal with are employing a lot of money in the purchase of Home Railway prior-charge stocks, thoroughly safe Industrial Debentures, and suchlike securities. There are several Home Railway Preferences that have not yet been taken in hand, and a promising example is Great Central 4 per cent. Preference, which stands ahead of all the other Preference stocks of the Company, and yields about $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the money. There is only £1,100,000 of the stock altogether, and after it there comes another five millions sterling of Preferences in receipt of dividends, the last stock—the 5 per cent. of 1881—not having come into its full inheritance yet. Highland 4 per cent. Preference can be obtained about par, and here the issued amount is only a little over half-a-million; the annual interest service requires no more than £20,600, and behind the stock there comes $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of Ordinary in receipt of a dividend at the rate of $1\frac{1}{8}$ per cent. per annum. Nor need the Debenture list be overlooked. It is very hard to imagine that the interest on District 6 per cent. Debenture would be allowed to fall into default, and the stock is permissible as a Trustee security for Scotch investors. At the current price of 156, the yield works out to within a few pence of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the money, and, since the full amount of the issue comes to £1,211,000, the sum wanted for payment of the annual dividend is comparatively small. The new North British 4 per cent. Convertible Preference will certainly rise another 5 points, although the return now is not better than $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. to a buyer: where the attraction lies is, of course, in the conversion option. Chatham $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Arbitration Debenture pays about a shilling per cent. more than the new North British, but Chatham "B" Debenture yields $3\frac{1}{8}$ on the money. All these stocks present excellent opportunities for the making of investments at prices likely to be improved upon in the near future.

INDUSTRIAL FEATURES.

Having consistently advised the purchase of Hudson's Bay shares since the price was down about the forties, we may now state our opinion that the profit is too good to lose and that a sale of the shares is advisable. To all appearance, the price will easily advance to 50, but when a handsome gain accrues it is as well not to be too greedy. Accordingly, to those who acted upon our tip we now address a corollary in the shape of a suggestion that they should sell. Bays, however, are by no means the only shares that are moving in the Miscellaneous Market. Speculation has again concerned itself with James Nelson shares, and the most contradictory rumours are afloat as to the likely course of the price. In several quarters we hear it declared that the Company is doing very well—much better than it was a year ago. These statements are supposed to be inspired. Perhaps they are, because some people are selling heavily on every little rise, and, in view of past events, it is not surprising that suspicion should fall upon a certain clique with regard to the source of the sales. Anglo-American Telegraphs are a cleaner speculation altogether, and the Preferred stock, we have always maintained, is not a bad $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. investment. The Deferred seems to have a chance of perhaps

half-a-crown per cent. dividend at the end of the year, but the Yankee animation evidently does the Company less good than might have been anticipated: that is, if one may judge from the quarterly dividend of 25s. per cent. declared on Anglo Preferred. The Hotel companies are issuing their dividend statements, and the Carlton maintains its regular 10 per cent. on the Ordinary, although a slight reduction in the profits is announced. The Savoy directors are about to raise fresh capital, and in their statement of a few days ago they point with justifiable pride to the flourishing condition of their Company. Lipton shareholders are told by market prophets that the interim dividend will probably be continued at the rate of 6 per cent., and the declaration is now due.

KAFFIRS GENERALLY, AND PIGG'S PEAK PARTICULARLY.

One thing about the Kaffir Circus may be taken for granted, and that is the certainty of the market moving as a whole when it starts to revive. Our correspondence constantly contains queries asking whether such-and-such a well-known Kaffir share is likely to go up in value, and our only possible reply must be based upon our estimate of the market taken in the aggregate. East Rands won't boom if Gold Fields are flat, nor will there be a slump in Transvaal Gold if any public demand springs up for Johnnies Investments. It may be broadly said that a pulling of the wires to make prices better is what reasonable expectation now looks for, and the general run of the market until the end of the year will, in our view, be towards better prices. Here and there speciality shares are bound to stand out from the commoner herd; but these, too, are bound tightly to the general pillar and can only get away from it in a manner of degree. Should the better tone now prevalent in the Kaffir Circus continue until it draws the public into South Africans

once more, one of the mines that will deserve close attention is the Pigg's Peak. At the Company's meeting held lately, the Chairman spoke in a strain of hopefulness which he was prepared with figures and facts to back up, and he made it evident that the management were not letting the grass grow under their feet in establishing the property upon a basis solid enough to justify the anticipations formed of the undertaking's future. Yet in this, as in so many other cases, we would not counsel a purchase as a mere gamble. The general market may not arouse so soon as some think, and the only satisfactory plan is to buy shares that can be paid for and put away, because its lack of rapid spring makes the Kaffir Circus a burden to the player for "differences."

YANKEES BEFORE THE ELECTION.

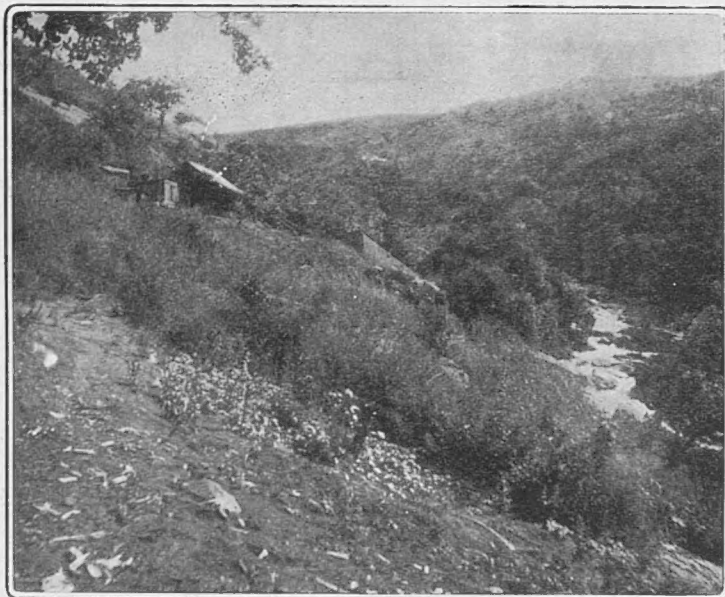
Every dollar rise in Yankee shares now simply means that the market is becoming a gambling area, where the speculator may find profit and sensation, but from which the more prudent investor will cautiously keep away. We admit willingly that the market looks as though it were bound to improve, and, of course, all the financial jugglery over the water in the way of working-arrangements and so forth is so much bait for the allurements of the public purchaser. That gentleman is responding with more alacrity than he did when prices were ten to twenty dollars lower, and on both sides of the Atlantic people are incautiously letting out the manipulators by buying the shares which the latter have now such a fine selection to dispose of. However, it is conceivable that the finish of the Presidential Election may prove the stepping-stone for a new burst of gambling, and to this idea the more rampant bulls are now pinning their colours. To regard the list of prices to-day and compare it with those ruling at the end of last year is to be strengthened in doubts as to the wisdom of a bullish policy after such a rise, but the plodding common-sense of the man who looks at figures rather than persons is at a discount when he tries to estimate what values may be reached under the dexterous manipulation of powerful hands. We wonder whether Mr. J. P. Morgan entirely enjoyed trotting our Archbishop of Canterbury round his Continent what time Wall Street played its gayest pranks, and with shares associated with the name of his firm. Mr. Morgan is, of course, well represented in Wall Street at all times, but were there ever moments, we wonder, when he pined to be on the spot for himself?

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

At last! The Stock Exchange. One sinks down into a chair at the end of the day's work with a novel feeling of restfulness begotten of business done and money earned. I decline to discuss the likelihood of the revival continuing. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and the proverb is as freshly true now as it was when uttered some 1870 years ago. The fact remains that profit-columns in Stock Exchange books show at least some satisfactory change as regards the figures, and, even if the latter might have been sneered at during periods of great activity in the past, they are worth a "gloat," as your Uncle Stalky might observe, in these latter days.

But to business.

Parenthetically, the mention of figures reminds me of a very useful little book I



PIGG'S PEAK: VIEW OF GENERATING STATION.

came across in Effingham Wilson's (54, Threadneedle Street) the other day. It is called "Wright's Yield Tables." They give, in a compact, handy form, any information one may want as to the exact return yielded to an investor upon £1, £2, £5, and £10 shares, at whatever price purchased, from one to ten per cent. Most of us, I suppose, have the more bulky and more expensive tables which give the yield on stock, but this little brochure only costs a couple of shillings, and is as good an investment of its kind as can be found in the market. The figures, of course, are applicable to stock as well as shares, and the modicum of trouble is required to work out any yield on any priced security at any rate of interest. The book is intrinsically cheaper than several mining shares one might indicate if one were not in a contented frame of mind.

As I said before, to business.

Since the Consol Market has shaken off some of its sleepiness, Water Board stock begins to look worth buying. Dividends are now accumulating, and the first six months' payment will be made early next March, while, if the threatened new issue should, after all, make its appearance, a willing public is at hand to take the stock so long as it is offered at a reasonable price. They tell me London County Threes are the things to have, but, when the spendthrift character of our local governors is considered, with all its promises of further large sums being wanted, the student of gilt-edged finance may well look at the stock none too favourably. Everyone can criticise the County Council with perfect ease, but it is difficult to resist saying, from cases that come under one's own ken, that the L.C.C. wastes money in a way which would bring privately-conducted businesses to the verge of bankruptcy in a very short space of time. But, with the security of London behind the County Council Loans, their safety nobody would dream of questioning, although, for the reason I have already mentioned, it would seem as though other stocks in the Consol Market were preferable to London County Threes.

Over and over again it is apparent how even the best-informed outsiders come to grief in speaking or writing about matters which concern the Stock Exchange. In a pamphlet I received the other day from an outside broking firm the same kind of errors were discernible as the chief authorities constantly make. The scribe in this instance is describing the House. "There is," he says, "the Consols Market, under the Great Dome, full of dignity and importance." Now what on earth made the man suppose the Consol Market was "under the Great Dome," when, in point of fact, the dome is in the new House and the Consol Market in the old? Again, he says: "The Stock Exchange is a Limited Company." The needlessness of giving such "information" is the thing that worries me. But funnier still is an observation in a halfpenny paper called the "official organ" of some provincial share-dealers. Under the Mining notes, the people declare that "the Chartered report, which has been a wet blanket on the market, seems now to have been thoroughly digested." If the Rhodesian Market has indeed been able to thoroughly digest this "wet blanket," its internal arrangements must be in magnificent condition. If only the majority of us were blessed with equally sound digestions, we shouldn't hear so much about bear-raids—unless it were in the Westralian Market, whose shares are only fit to leave alone.

All the same, I believe there is a five-shillings rise in Oroya.

A year or two ago the attractions of Daira Sanieh Sugar Corporation 4 per cent. Bonds were strongly urged in these letters of mine, and, if I remember aright, the price was then about 95. Now it has risen to 100 buyers, and the proprietors who have held what is still a safe 4 per cent. investment can get out at a decent profit. There is no reason why they should not take it, because, so far as I can see, the bond won't go much higher. Egyptian things are, of course, tremendously in vogue just now. Delta Lands are much too high and are bound to come down, although the people working the business may have the price higher yet. Delta Railway Preference are also overvalued, and should be sold without hesitation. There is no object in refraining from making a sale because

nothing else happens to come along for reinvestment at that particular moment. If you think it's right to clear out of anything, then sell, and put the money on deposit if you like. To wait until an attractive opportunity arises for utilising the money is a mistake. Not that anybody need complain of having difficulty in finding investments nowadays. The Johannesburg Fours have risen nearly 5 points (allowing for the dividend) since I ventured to strongly recommend their purchase, but the stock is still good enough to buy, and so are Sierra Leone 4 per cent. ten-year Convertible Bonds. The latter ought to appeal strongly to Mr. George Meredith and the other people who follow that gentleman in his whimsical suggestions regarding the Handicap of Marriage.

Western of Havana Railway 4½ per cent. Debenture stock, standing at about 104 or 105, is good enough for most people's money. The line has overcome its recent difficulties that at one time depressed the £10 shares to their par price, and they have risen to about 12, dividends of 6 per cent. being steadily paid. With this substantial backing, the Debenture stock must be regarded as safe, and it is only redeemable at 120, at the option of the directors. Bovril Debenture looks worth having, and London and India Dock Debenture is fairly cheap.

The other day an unsophisticated client rang up and said he wanted to buy 100 shares in some American Railroad, the price of which had not participated in the general rise. There are, no doubt, other people who feel the same yearning, but manage to stifle their feelings. Most folks are aware by this time that to find Yankee shares that stand at the same price now as they did a year ago is about as easy as it is to come across a really decent American cigarette. From letters received from across the Atlantic, I gather there is a chance of making money out of Kansas City Southern Preferred shares. The very name of the concern sounds portentous enough to put a man off such a speculation, and the reference-books have anything but a flattering tale to tell of the Company's financial position. Nevertheless, my information comes from a source which is honest and usually reliable, and I pass it on for what it may be worth. The market in Shorter's Court is a very limited one, and I believe that the shares are pretty largely held in Holland and Berlin.

Somewhat tall though it be, an amusing yarn is re-circulating through the House which concerns itself with a sleepy jobber and a wideawake broker. It is related, with what amount of truth I should not like to say, that, when Consols fell rather sharply to 88½, a broker walked up to a dealer sitting on the bench beneath the bar. The dealer was half-asleep, and the broker said to him, "Ah, Mr. So-and-So, I would like to buy Consols at 88½, wouldn't you?" The dealer, still drowsy, yawningly assented: "Yes, I should." "Sell you ten," was the prompt response, and the broker slithered away to report the business. If you want a grain of salt, dear Reader, you can always borrow one from

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

JACOB.—The present price of Henderson's is about 22s. 6d., and we think you might make a better selection—Oceana, for instance. The Salisbury Reef Company, we believe, has joined the majority.

E. J. B.—On that day the price touched 3½ sellers, and the limit ought, therefore, to have been executed.

SENEX.—Thanks for your correction. The exact title of the undertaking is, as you say, the South Wales Electric Power Distribution Company.



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"ANTIPON" IN INDIA.

THE testimony which has already been published in the Press and elsewhere is of a sufficiently remarkable character, but the letter recently received from an Anglo-Indian lady, and filed for reference by The "Antipon" Company, eclipses all previous records in the matter of radical fat-reduction. We herewith quote this striking letter—

"February 22, 1904.

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon.' . . . When I started 'Antipon' I was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61½ lb.), for I only weigh 184½ lb. I can now take 4-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefully, for my skin is quite tightened and not flaccid in the least. My heart, which is diseased, is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have no fear of eating anything, and I have never restricted myself in any form of diet.

"(Mrs.) F. M. S.—"

NONE NEED BE FAT.

"WHAT is 'Antipon'?" is a question one often hears now; and it is as well that our stout readers should have a correct answer, instead of a misleading account of the newly discovered fat-absorbent which has awakened so much interest in scientific and other circles.

"Antipon," in fact, is in many respects unique as a curative principle. In the first place it positively cures—radically and permanently cures—the distressing disease of obesity or abnormal fatness. It cures by the gradual absorption and elimination from the body of the useless and dangerous packing of fat that has formed round the internal organs, and also of the subcutaneous fat that has developed into what is vulgarly called a "corporation," into flabby cheeks and double chin, into gross and puffy limbs and massive hips. All this unnecessary, unhealthy and ugly growth is destroyed and expelled from the system with surprising rapidity by "Antipon," with lifelong benefit to the user.

So rapid is the action of this wonderful cure that the quantity of superfluous adipose matter destroyed within a day and a night after

taking the first dose amounts in weight to something between 8 oz. and 3 lb. This is the first result in quite ordinary instances of stoutness; in more pronounced cases the decrease will sometimes approach 4 lb., as the infallible weighing-machine test has proved. After the initial reduction the decrease is sure and steady. Day by day the scales will tell the tale of diminution until in an incredibly short space of time correct standard proportions of weight and measurement are the assured reward. The doses should then be discontinued. There is no further need for "Antipon's" aid. The desired end has been attained, and the cure may be confidently regarded as lasting. During the course of cure it is quite needless to torture one's self with any unusual abstinence from the pleasures of the table, so long as ordinary prudence and temperance are the guiding rules. Of course one must not, so to speak, feed the fat. No person of sense, under any kind of treatment, would indulge in fatty foods to excess. Apart from such rational precautions no hard-and-fast restrictions are required. "Antipon" does its beneficent work solely by itself, and requires no aid from semi-starvation, sweating, purging, or other weakening processes.

"Antipon," on the contrary, is of the greatest value as a tonic; it encourages and increases appetite, and the desire for wholesome food must be satisfied; for it is part of the work of this splendid medicine to promote the growth of new muscular tissue to compensate for the loss of bulk; to give renewed health and vigour in place of weakness and flabbiness; and to strengthen body, nerve, and brain. Think what a vital difference this exchange must make to one's well-being, energy, and vitality.

"Antipon" is a pleasantly bitter liquid, resembling in colour a rich light red wine. It is guaranteed free from any mineral or other dangerous substance, and could be taken by the most delicate person with advantage to health. Its ingredients are known to, and approved by, a number of medical men to whom they were originally submitted, and have received their unqualified approval and support.

Our stout friends may obtain "Antipon" of chemists, stores, etc., in bottles price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, it may be had (on sending remittance) direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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